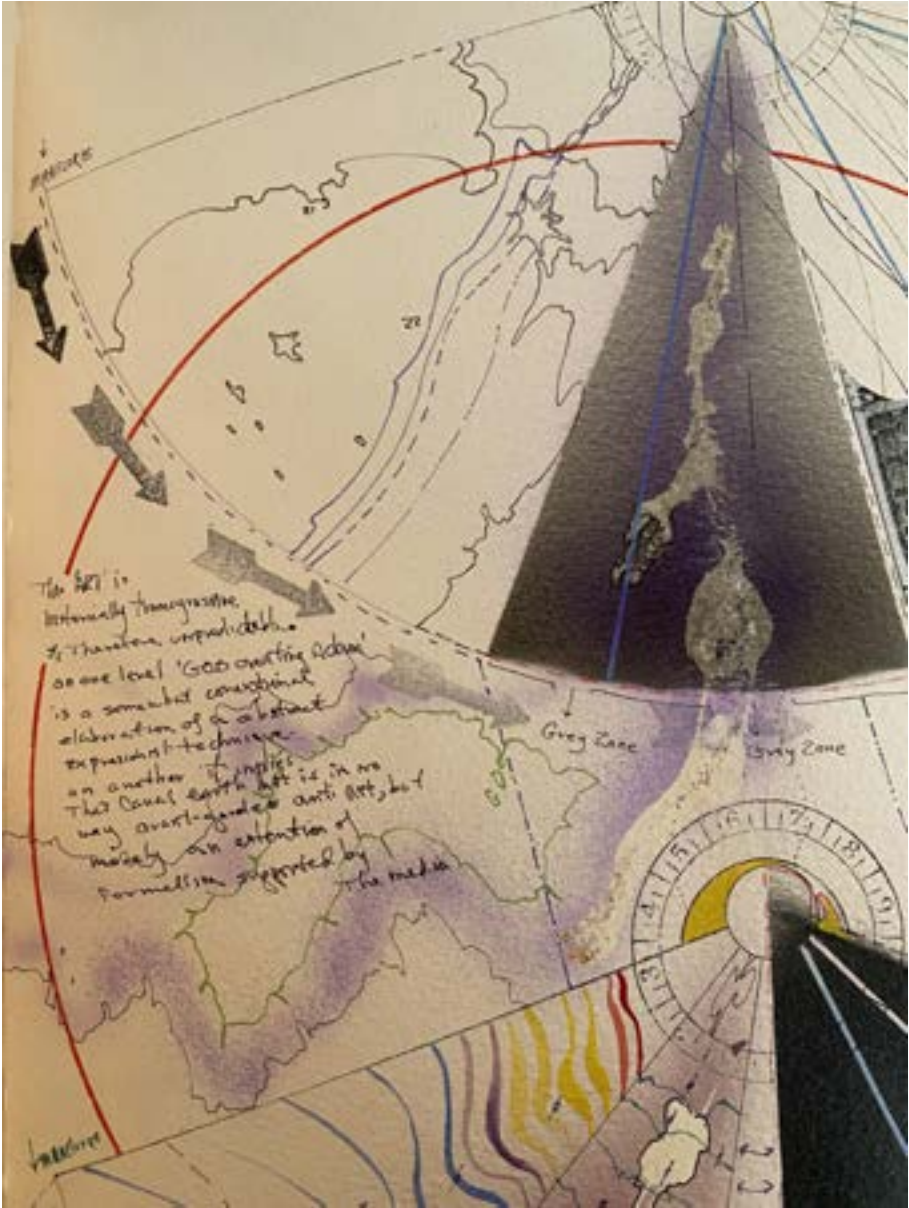


THE JOURNAL

BOOK CLUB OF WASHINGTON | FALL 2021



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Cover image: An image from the interior of *A Comparative Essay on the Sistine Chapel and the Panama Canal*, by Timothy Ely. See the article by Amanda C. R. Clark on page 25 of this issue.

EDITOR'S NOTES ON THE ISSUE

David Wertheimer

If you are a regular reader of this publication, I have no doubt you are not only a lover of books, but a collector as well. In an increasingly virtual era where some consider printed books a dusty, anachronistic bit of history, there are still those among us who value feeling the weight and gravitas of printed material or a handmade book in our hands, and smile when we see the spines of our favorite titles on our shelves. We are an increasingly rare breed!

In the spirit of continuing to value the pleasures and processes of collecting, the current issue of *The Journal* provides a set of insightful and engaging articles about both individual collections and institutional libraries. There are different reasons that each of us seeks material about a specific topic, from a favorite author, or even a favorite printer. Some of us are more creative still, as are the artists who create books that reflect their interests and passions. The pages that follow celebrate a number of unique collections and collectors, both younger and older, in both personal and academic environments.

We begin the current issue with the remarkable and potent reflections of a young collector, Ella Hampson, this year's winner of the University of Puget Sound's book collecting essay contest. Her reading and collecting activities reflect her passion to address the global challenges that all of us who are her elders are leaving Ella and her generation in the wake of the destructive path our species has forged across the planet. She finds both wisdom and the energy required to help shape an improved, collective future through works of non-fiction, visionary science fiction, poetry, and the guidance of indigenous and non-western perspectives that counter the destructive pathways of greed and capitalism.

Mark Hoppmann explores the ways in which he learns from—and can even be surprised by—each book in his collection, as many contain information or clues to brief and unnoticed moments in history that we would miss if we don't appreciate the unique features that books can acquire as they pass through the hands of the many owners that precede each of us. What, exactly, was happening in the life of a previous owner of an 1877 edition of *Plutarch's Lives* when, in 1893, they tucked a receipt for a \$2 expenditure from the People's Outfitting Company at 244-246 First Street between Main and Madison in Portland Oregon between the pages of this volume? You will enjoy Mark's exploration of this and other mysteries of his collection.

Amanda Clark offers us a remarkable essay about the creations and collection of Timothy C. Ely, an award winning book artist in Eastern Washington. Describing several visits to his studio, Amanda offers us a glimpse into the creative genius of a book maker who works magic with his art, and maintains a library that, as she writes, lies “waiting to be explored and handled, cherished without hubris and appreciated with awe while cracking a sly grin.”

This issue then moves on to articles from curators of two spectacular

institutional collections: The Library of Leonard and Virginia Woolf and the Hogarth Press Collection at Washington State University and the Ivan Doig archive at Montana State University. Trevor James Bond writes about the Woolf collection, and quotes the wisdom of emerging Woolf scholar Kathryn Manis, who writes of libraries that hold material from the homes and libraries of notable authors: “Primary source work, at all levels of education and for all majors and specialties, grounds your engagement with something in its material reality.”

Janelle Zauha shares with us how the Doig archive allows us to experience the world of an author whose many books capture unique moments of 20th century Montana life. As Zauha writes: “Literary archives can often help unravel the mysterious knot of book birthing, the often dramatic story that is usually not contained within a dust jacket.”

Bookseller Jeff Long has provided us with an engaging profile of this year's Emory Award Winner, Jodee Fenton. Jodee has recently completed a long and distinguished career with the Seattle Public Library, most recently as Managing Librarian for Special Collections. In this capacity, Jodee was central in the creation of the Seattle Room in the new downtown Library, with its stunning collection documenting Seattle culture and history. As future generations seek to research and understand the constant evolution of this pearl of a city on the shores of the Salish Sea, the collection that Jodee secured and preserved within the Library will be an invaluable resource.

Finally, BCW President Gary Ackerman provides us with a review of a remarkable new work, *The Bookseller of Florence, A Story of the Manuscripts That Illuminated the Renaissance* by Ross King. This book tells the story of bookseller Vespasiano de Bisticci, who in the 15th century worked to help some of the wealthiest families in a highly literate Florence to build collections of manuscripts of classical works copied from ancient texts. As such, Vespasiano's story adds to the theme of this issue, highlighting how, for centuries, book lovers have worked to build libraries to inform their views of both history and the road that lies ahead for us all.

On that note, we return to the wisdom of the youngest contributor to this issue, Emory Award winner Ella Hampson. For her, reading, studying and collecting provides hope for a future that, without the wisdom we can derive from books, looks increasingly bleak for our species. As she writes in her essay:

“The world doesn't have to end in an apocalypse because our government prioritized capitalism over addressing the realities of climate change and the failings of social systems. If we truly believe that we can get to a world that is better for everyone and the earth, we can start taking the steps to move into it.”

If Ella Hampson can find insights of this power from the books she reads and collects, then there is hope for all of us. Indeed, perhaps the printed word—and the books that document the wisdom of those who have come before us—can offer us a path forward in an increasingly uncertain and perilous world.

David Wertheimer, Editor, *The Journal of the Book Club of Washington*

Dreaming into our Collective Future

By: Ella Hampson

I have always been a person who deeply cares about how other people and beings are treated. When I first realized that the chicken on my dinner plate had once been a living, squawking bird, I sat at the dinner table and cried until my parents told me I didn't have to eat meat anymore. I hated playing games with other kids that involved any sort of aggression and often found solace in being alone and exploring the world through books. I have always been curious about my place in the world and continuously try to understand other people and why they behave in certain ways. As a very empathic person, I am also deeply affected by other people's pain, including the pain of people I've never met. Partly because of this, I have been navigating a relationship with depression since I was in sixth grade.

As a child, fiction books provided me with an escape from painful realities. As a young adult, I felt like fiction didn't fully allow me to escape reality anymore and turned to works of non-fiction to find more concrete answers to the problems I saw in the world around me. In my first years in college, as a science and environmental policy student, I left the majority of my classes feeling

hopeless about the state of the world. My professors continuously talked with us about climate change and the failures of our society. Then they would look to us, their students, to solve the things that they were talking about. When I left my courses, I held a significant weight on my shoulders. How was I supposed to solve these immense global problems? I felt overwhelmed. More recently, I have been searching for visions of the future that see possibilities outside of our current reality. This has led me to begin reading works of visionary fiction that fill me with hope that a different future is possible.

During the start of the pandemic, I found myself becoming increasingly fascinated with the ways people were coming together

in support of each other when the government's response was too slow. Mutual aid groups seemed to be arising everywhere and organizing to gather supplies and funds to help folks in their communities pay rent and access food and other necessities. It was at this time that I read an article titled "Mystical Anarchism" and was deeply influenced by the author's wisdom that we need to be working at the individual, community and systemic levels simultaneously to make true change in the world around us. I began more in-depth research into how we can continually uplift each other through times of hardship, acknowledging that climate change will begin posing exponentially more challenges to our communities. I heard stories about mutual aid groups supporting communities after very intense hurricane seasons and horrendous summer wildfires. These stories inspired me to think about the ways that our communities can do better than our current system of governance, which can feel very detached from its people. The Black Lives Matter movement that gained momentum in the summer also showed me how communities can come together in solidarity to fight a different kind of pandemic. The autonomous zones that were established in cities across the country reflected a more concrete kind of mutual aid. My interest in these forms of community care led me to begin engaging more deeply with adrienne maree brown's work around community and movement spaces. I began to follow her wisdom back into science fiction, a genre which I hadn't read in years since I felt I couldn't see myself or my interests reflected in popular works. This is when I found Starhawk and Octavia Butler. Both of these women have crafted beautiful works of visionary fiction which I felt incredibly connected to and inspired by.

Over time, more works of science fiction and non-fiction that I had previously read began to feel grouped together in my mind with the works of Butler, Starhawk and brown. All of these books are deeply meaningful to me. The margins are full of comments and drawing and underlines because they showed me that the world can look different than it does today. They showed me that alternate futures to the present we are living in are possible if we dream into them. The world doesn't have to end in an apocalypse because our government prioritized capitalism over addressing the realities of climate change and the failings of social systems. If we truly believe that we can get to a world that is better for everyone and the earth, we can start taking the steps to move into it.

The books that have provided me with inspiration



Original art by the author, inspired by her readings and the production of this essay.



Original art by the author, inspired by her readings and the production of this essay.



Original art by the author, inspired by her readings and the production of this essay.

for my dreams of the future fall into three categories. The first category consists of the non-fiction books that show us ways in which people are currently thinking and acting to begin moving us onto a different path. These include everything written by adrienne maree brown, books by Indigenous authors who show how non-western cultures have continuously maintained reciprocity with the earth and each other, and books on trauma and hope. These texts have provided me with a sense of agency in the now, ways that I can be and act that have the power to shift the wellbeing of the community of people around me. The second category of books are works of science fiction that dream of a future which is diverse and connected

to the earth. These books often juxtapose a utopian society and a dystopian one, both of which arise many years into the future out of a world very similar to our own. In these works, Starhawk and Butler are the visionaries I find most powerful. Other authors have also shaped my view of what is possible, including Ernest Callenbach and his vision of an ecotopia and Ursula Le Guin's comparison of anarchist and materialist worlds. The third category is comprised of an assortment of other genres from youth fiction to poetry to religious texts and works of fiction that have influenced my thinking about how we build communities and exist with the earth in a meaningful way. All of these books have allowed me to create hope for myself and the world around me. I can now see that there is a pathway forward, and there is a vision of what a different and better world can look like. Now, when I leave my classes or read the news, I feel like I have ideas and answers to the harms I see in the world around me. This collection of books will continue growing as I keep building and sharing my dreams for the future of this planet.

Annotated Bibliography

Non-fiction

Betasamosake Simpson, Leanne. *As We Have Always Done: Indigenous Freedom through Radical Resistance*. University of Minnesota Press, 2017.

Indigenous wisdom is incredibly powerful. One of the best ways to move past

a western, colonial mindset is to look for wisdom that has been passed down despite the oppressions of colonialism. In dreaming of an alternate future, it is important to recognize that others have already lived a version of that future and had it stolen away from them by the people who established this country. In this book, Leanne Betasamosake Simpson uses her Indigenous wisdom to show us how we can act in our communities to restore right relationship with each other and the land. She shows us a pathway toward decolonization and steps we can take within our communities to begin that journey.

brown, adrienne maree. *Emergent Strategy: Shaping Change, Changing Worlds*. AK Press, 2017.

This guide to emergent strategy shows us ways that we can be and act in the world today to move ourselves toward a future that is better for everyone. adrienne maree brown is one of my personal heroes. I listen to every podcast that she hosts or is a guest on, read her blog, follow her social media and am slowly working my way through her published books. She is truly a visionary who has helped me move out of despair and into a knowing that, if we pay attention to patterns in nature, we can move into a future that allows all of us to be taken care of in the ways that we deserve. In this book, she teaches how to change the way we function as communities to move us onto a path towards a better future.

brown, adrienne maree. *We Will Not Cancel Us*. AK Press, 2020.

In this book, adrienne maree brown explores ways to use transformative justice to address harm that occurs in our communities as an alternative to cancel culture. She discusses ways outside of the current structures in which we can hold each other accountable and grow as communities and individuals. This book is a powerful look at how we can start interacting with each other now to move us towards a future in which we are all seen and valued. Sometimes concepts like transformative justice can seem abstract, so seeing real examples and methodologies of it is extremely helpful to learning how we can create space to see each other with love rather than judgement.

Kimmerer, Robin Wall. *Braiding Sweetgrass: Indigenous Wisdom, Scientific Knowledge and the Teachings of Plants*. Milkweed, 2013.

I read this book at a time when I was struggling with what I was learning as I worked towards my degree in the sciences. I was frustrated with how much of what I was being taught was from a white, male perspective that felt very biased by European cultural backgrounds, and yet, claimed to be objective. Reading this book helped me realize that there is a wealth of knowledge about how the earth functions that is not codified in western scientific ways. This expanded my world view and allowed me to increase my understanding of how we can relate to the earth. Similarly to *As We have Always Done*, this book shows us a pathway toward decolonization that allows the good parts of western society to move forward.

Ladha, Alnoor. *Mystical Anarchism: A Journey to the Borderlands of Freedom*. Kosmos, vol. 15, no. 1, 2015, pp. 24-37.

This article first allowed me to put words to how I felt about my political views as a pathway forward. Ladha focuses on the idea that you need to be working at three levels simultaneously to create change—the self, the community and the system. This idea is echoed in many of the other works in my collection, especially by adrienne maree brown. This article brings political and spiritual/moral values together in a concrete way that I had not previously encountered. At a time when I was struggling to find others whose beliefs align with my own, this article provided me with the realization that there are other people out there who think like me and want to move in a similar direction.

Macy, Joanna and Chris Johnston. *Active Hope: How to Face the Mess We're in Without Going Crazy*. New World Library, 2012.

I first read this book when I was feeling hopeless after leaving my science and environmental policy classes. This book helped me refocus my energy and become aware of the agency I do have to create change. Whenever I fall back into feeling hopeless, I refer back to the wisdom in this book to find inspiration to continue moving toward the future that I believe is possible.

Van der Kolk, Bessel. *The Body Keeps the Score: Brain, Mind and Body in the Healing of Trauma*. Penguin Books, 2015.

This book helped me more deeply understand how people around me are processing trauma and how we can work towards breaking cycles of abuse within our communities. This is really important to me since we can't move into a better future without addressing the issues that are causing us pain now. Other books have helped me understand how certain structures and systems harm us but this book provided insight into how harm plays out internally. It provided me with knowledge on how we can work towards healing harm to prevent from re-perpetuating it onto others.

Visionary Science Fiction

Butler, Octavia E. *Parable of the Sower*. Grand Central Publishing, 1993.

I read this for the first time during COVID-19 and right before the election. I felt like Octavia laid out the world we are living in today in a way that is only slightly more extreme. It was as if we were on the cusp of this book becoming a reality. Lauren Olimina, the Black, female protagonist, believes that, despite the horrors of the world she navigates through, a better future is possible. Along her journey, she preaches the things she feels are truths that will allow people to collectively move into an alternate reality. I feel that the most powerful of these truths is "All that you touch you change. All that you change, changes you. The only lasting truth is change. God is change" (p.3). In the time of a global pandemic and the daily horrors of the world we live in, this quote has

helped remind me that everything will change; a different future is possible and lies within our grasp. Octavia Butler saw the ways in which the future could play out based on the things she experienced in her lifetime and projected these futures into fiction, giving us a guide to what the world can look like and how we can cope with it and change it.

Butler, Octavia E. *Wild Seed*. Grand Central Publishing, 1988.

In *Wild Seed*, Octavia explores a relationship between two eternal beings who hold their shape-shifting powers in very different ways. The dynamic between the two characters moves from a controlling and harmful power dynamic to one that is more oriented around trust, love and the ability for the characters to trust each other's power and humanity. This work shows us how we can move from intense systems of control over each other to communities in which each person's beauty and uniqueness is celebrated.

Callenbach, Ernest. *Ecotopia: The Notebooks and Reports of William Weston*. Banyan Tree Books, 1977.

Callenbach envisions a future in which an ecologic utopia exists alongside a dystopian society that continues extracting resources from the earth in harmful ways. He shows us what a utopian society that co-exists with the earth can look like, providing detailed and researched information on ways in which we can be in a reciprocal relationship with the earth and each other. The biggest downfall of this book is that it maintains racial segregation, which Callenbach claims is a choice of the people in the society, but is not how I or the majority of other authors in this collection envision the future. This was one of the first books I read that clearly laid out a vision of the future that was different and (mostly) better than the current reality we live in. It awakened my imagination to the possibilities of the future in which humans chose a different path than the one we are on now, and remains an important work to me for that reason.

Le Guin, Ursula K. *The Dispossessed*. Harper Voyager, 1974.

In this work of science fiction, Le Guin compares and contrasts a society that is divided and focused on money and a society that is based in an anarchist community. This book explores the pitfalls and high points of both societies through a character that grew up in one world and travels to the other. I'm continuously fascinated with what other types of societies can look like and really appreciated the juxtaposition of a world similar to our own with a world that was established with community and relationships as its guide. Le Guin's exploration of the pitfalls of a seemingly utopian society are a good reminder that nothing will ever be perfect and we will always have to grow and change the societies we live in.

Starhawk. *The Fifth Sacred Thing*. Bantam Books, 1993.

This book was eye opening for me and led me back into science fiction after a

long break due to not seeing myself or the alternate futures I envisioned in what I was reading. Starhawk beautifully depicts a future in which a dystopian and utopian society are juxtaposed. When the two societies meet, the utopian society radically imagines a way to greet the dystopian folks and win a war without committing violence against people who are just like them but live under an entirely different system of governance. Starhawk's dream of this possibility awakened me to visionary fiction and the idea that the future can look like whatever we dream into it.

Starhawk. *Walking to Mercury*. Bantam Books, 1997.

This is the prequel to *The Fifth Sacred Thing* and follows the journey of a girl who later becomes an elder in that utopian society. Her journey of finding herself and reconnecting to the earth takes places through the late 1900s and early 2000s. This allows us to see what shaped her before she goes on to help create and shape the utopia presented in *The Fifth Sacred Thing*. This book shows us what Starhawk believes is necessary to be developed in communities to get to the point of building a society that radically reimagines the ways in which we interact with each other and the land.

Other—Poetry, Youth, Fiction, Religion

Bode, N.E. *The Anybodies*. HarperCollins, 2004.

I remember reading and re-reading this novel many times in elementary school and I still think about the impact this story had on me. Fern, a young girl, feels like she is different from everyone around her and realizes that she has the ability to reach into paintings and books and bring the characters to life. As a very imaginative child, I longed to be able to do the same. This book helped me begin envisioning worlds around me that were different from and better than the reality that I lived in. I see this as the first book in this collection as it allowed me to start dreaming about alternatives to the things that were painful in everyday life.

Card, Orson Scott. *Ender's Game*. Tor Books, 1985.

This was one of the first science fiction books I read as a child. I think I first read it in 5th or 6th grade and reread it many times before starting high school. I was absolutely fascinated by the sibling dynamic that is highlighted in the first few chapters. I saw myself in Ender's sister, Valentine, and liked to imagine how the story would have unfolded differently if she had been in Ender's place. This book allowed me to begin exploring science fiction with a character who I saw myself in. I voraciously consumed sci-fi books after reading this, but most of them are not part of this list because they did not have the vision or characters that I was looking for. Not seeing characters like myself in the sci-fi I was reading is primarily what led me to consume more non-fiction in high school and college.

Kazam, Stephanie and Kenneth Kraft, editors. *Dharma Rain: Sources of Buddhist Environmentalism*. Shambhala Publications, 2000.

This compilation of Buddhist environmental texts was first introduced to me in a course with Rachel Demotts, one of the people from whom I learned about the importance of practicing meditation in its many forms as a way to stay grounded despite the challenges that arise from living in a world in which we harm each other and the earth on a daily basis. I refer to passages in this book on a regular basis to help myself reconnect to my breath and the earth. It has been incredibly helpful to me to find new ways to meditate other than just sitting and to work on being present and grounded in the reality of my now.

Kingsolver, Barbara. *Animal, Vegetable, Miracle: A Year of Food Life*. Harper Collins, 2007.

In this book, Barbara Kingsolver discusses how she and her family managed to sustain themselves for an entire year by growing, harvesting and killing the majority of their food. More than just a story, this book provides insight into methods of farming, storing and cooking that allowed the Kingsolver family to live entirely off of the land. In thinking about ways we can move forward into a better future, this book provided me with a practical guide to sustainably living off of the land. In our current society, we can be so disconnected from our food sources and this book made me think about how we can become more connected to place by growing and consuming food from the soil right outside our doors.

Oliver, Mary. *Evidence*. Beacon Press, 2009.

This beautiful book of poems helps me reconnect with the beauty that already exists in everything around me. The poem *We Shake with Joy* has been especially powerful in reminding me of the dualities that exist in everything. I am allowed to be happy and sad in the same week, day and moment. This is a freeing concept.

Powers, Richard. *The Overstory*. W.W. Norton & Company, 2018.

This story about trees and the complex lives of people who live with them helped me think more deeply about the perspectives of plants. We can learn so much from the wisdom of trees. Many of the authors here draw on the wisdom of nature to envision how we can act differently as a society. This book provided inspiration for me to think about our diverse relationships with nature and how we can build on these relationships to create reciprocity between ourselves and the rest of the natural world.

Starhawk. *The Spiral Dance: A Rebirth of the Ancient Religion of the Great Goddess*. Harper Collins, 1979.

This guide to everyday witchcraft has allowed me to deepen my spiritual practices and feel connected to my ancient European ancestors. It has helped

me understand that not all of my ancestors were Christian colonizers. Long ago, some of them also practiced rituals within their communities to help ground and connect them to the earth. I view this ancient wisdom that has somehow survived, despite witch burnings and colonialism, as a powerful tool for learning about ways to alter our relationship with each other and the earth.

Wish List

Butler, Octavia E. *Patternmaster*. Double Day, 1976.

Patternmaster is the first book in the Patternist series, of which *Wild Seed* is the prequel. Octavia Butler has so much wisdom to offer us, and I have only barely scratched the surface of her works. All of her books are on my wish list, but the first book in this series feels like a good place to start. I have found so much inspiration in the two books I've read by her and they are both an integral part of this collection. I am certain that her books will continue to shape me and my dreams of our collective future.

Okorafor, Nnedi. *Who Fears Death*. Penguin, 2010.

This work of speculative fiction takes place in a dark future in which the protagonist sets out to end genocide against her people. I have been recommended this book a few times because of my love of Octavia Butler and Starhawk and think that I will likely learn a lot from it as well. Exploring science fiction for the types of stories I'm looking for has been an ongoing challenge. There are tons of science fiction books that do not appear as part of this collection because they don't reach far enough or believe that humans can ever be good enough to move away from harm.

Menakem, Resmaa. *My Grandmother's Hands: Racialized Trauma and the Pathway to Mending our Hearts and Bodies*. Central Recovery Press, 2017.

I want to add this book to my collection because I think it will help me build on my knowledge around the effects of trauma and how we can work towards healing it. I'm interested in learning more about racialized trauma because racism is a major barrier in moving towards the types of futures that I envision are possible. I want to live in a world where everyone can be well.

brown, adrienne maree, and Walidah Imarisha. *Octavia's Brood: Science Fiction Stories from Social Justice Movements*. AK Press, 2015.

This collection of works of speculative fiction would likely become one of the core books in my collection. It utilizes fiction to dream into the future and envision the many ways that we can exist as communities. I'm working my way through all of adrienne maree brown's books, but I haven't gotten hold of this one yet. Based on my love for everything else that she has helped create, I feel that I will fall in love with this work.

Frederick, Kailea, and Kate Weiner. *Compassion in Crisis*. Loam, 2020.

This short book contains interviews with folks who survived climate disasters and explores ways in which we can come together as communities to support each other before emergencies arise. With climate disasters increasing every season, this book will serve me by helping me more deeply understand how we can deal with crises most effectively as communities. Being prepared before something happens is vital, but most of us chose not to think about the dangers that climate change poses. I think this work will add more ideas around agency to my collection and help me understand how we can move forward in the face of climate change.

★ ★ ★



Ella Hampson, shortly after receiving the 2021 Book Collecting Award from the Book Club of Washington and the University of Puget Sound.

Ella Hampson is a recent graduate from the University of Puget Sound with degrees in Natural Science and Environmental Policy & Decision Making. She is currently working as an environmental educator and is always learning skills that she can utilize to create the future she believes is possible.

HISTORICAL FOOTNOTES IN ILLUSTRATIONS

By: Mark Hoppmann

I am a collector of books that speak to me as I stand on the opposite side of a room. I find them mostly at estate sales, vintage book fairs, and antique shops along the west coast. Most are just old enough to have taken on a patina of history; not in the sense of being rare or valuable, but more because the lives of the illustrators and craftsmen who helped create the book contributed in some small way to a moment in history. That said, none of the history I will disclose in this article will rock the world on its foundations. I have discovered nothing earth shattering or revolutionary, and in some respects much may be regarded as common knowledge.

Even so, each new fact that I discover about a book opens up a new path into an ever widening rabbit hole of knowledge. Something as simple as an 1893 receipt for a \$2 expenditure from the People's Outfitting Company at 244-246 First Street between Main and Madison in Portland Oregon and wedged between the pages of an 1877 stereotyped edition of *Plutarch's Lives*, can be all I need to trigger an extensive Google search. I find myself searching for the company in vain, as if somehow, it will tell me something about John H. Ginter whose name is featured prominently on the presentation page. Who was this person? For that matter who was James Wright his good friend who presented this book to him on his birthday in 1894, one year after the date of the receipt. Was it simply a random bookmark? What was the item purchased for \$2.00? How does any of this relate to the owner of the book? There is, of course, no answer to any of this. I only include this to illustrate how each book in my collection contains something, which alludes to a brief and unnoticed moment in history.

Most if not all the books in my collection are nonfiction. A great many are abecedarian in that they teach. I like the ones that contain lost knowledge like my 1906 edition of the *Steel Carpenter Square and its Uses*, where its instruction on how to compute the angle of a rafter are now left to a phone or other computing device without any thought how it arrived at the answer it gives us. But whatever the genre of my books may be, they all have one thing in common. They have pictures.

My accumulation of books began some 40 years ago soon after graduating from Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa. I was working in a small print shop in Des Moines, when someone said, "Hey Mark, I have this old book. Do you want it?" That "book" turned out to be a bound collection of the *Inland Printer*, dated 1896 to 1897, and of course, I said, "Sure!" At the time, I had other collections I was busy cultivating, not the least a stamp collection I began when I was 9 years old that is still continuously growing. Being a book binder and artist, I recently transferred the collection to a series of albums I designed

and made myself. But already I digress. The point I was going to make was, my collection, if you could call it that, languished with the possession of that one book. But the history contained in that one bound volume was enough to begin a lifetime of interest. I would pull the book down from my bookshelves (even if I were not collecting books, I still had the good sense to begin a library) to read its pages over and over again. The more I read, the more I wanted to know about the wealth of history found between the covers, not to mention learn about the lives of the artisans and printers who helped create this successful trade journal.

For those not familiar with the *Inland Printer*, these trade journals are a wealth of historical information consisting of advertisements, engravings of antique printing equipment, inks, articles, and advertising art. At some point, I realized the master behind its iconic covers was none other than a young artist, Joseph Christian Leyendecker, known to the world as simply J.C. Leyendecker. While the covers I possess are not Leyendecker's earliest work for the *Inland Printer*, they do represent examples of the waning years of Art Nouveau which Leyendecker had embraced. Of course, Leyendecker went on to fame and fortune as the first iconic artist for the Saturday Evening Post. Below are two contrasting examples of Leyendecker's work for the *Inland Printer* and his later work for the . If you look closely, you can make out Leyendecker's signature in the lower left corner of the cover for the *Inland Printer*. Note as his style changed so did his iconic signature in the lower right hand side of the Saturday Evening Post cover.



Incidentally, I later crossed paths with J.C. Leyendecker (albeit indirectly) once again in an old anatomy drawing textbook in my collection, titled, *The Human Figure*, by J.H. Vanderpoel, who taught Leyendecker at the Chicago Art Institute years earlier. A few years after Vanderpoel had taught Leyendecker,

Vanderpoel would become the drawing instructor of one Georgia O'Keeffe. It would be nice to think the owner of my book was once classmates with J.C. Leyendecker or Georgia O'Keeffe, but unfortunately they had long past established their careers when this book was published.

In mentioning the *Inland Printer* is a wealth of historical information, I would be negligent if I did not include the pen and ink illustration of William Morris created especially for the December, 1896 edition of the *Inland Printer* by Jules Maurice Gaspard, an artist once employed by the *Inland Printer* who was at the time of publication, art director and art critic for the *Inter Ocean*, a Chicago newspaper. According to a search on Google, He also studied at where else?—The Chicago Art Institute. Did he study under J. H. Vanderpoel?—Very likely. Afterwards, Jules Gaspard would become a Roycroft, rendering many of the lithographs and drawings for the portraits found in Elbert Hubbard's *Little Journeys*.



Moving on at last from the *Inland Printer* if not the Roycrofters, our journey takes a brief twist. We know William Wallace Denslow illustrated *The Wizard of Oz* by Frank Baum in 1900. About the same time, along with Jules Maurice Gaspard, he was a Roycrofter, lending his talents to illustrating what could

be construed as clip art for Hubbard's catalogs and Elbert Hubbard's *Scrapbook*. But before he was a Roycrofter, and before he illustrated *The Wizard of Oz*, Denslow worked as an illustrator for the Montgomery Ward Catalogs and almanacs during 1896 and 1897. How much he illustrated is unclear because he never signed his work for any of their publications. And this is where the mystery deepens. The cover for the 1896 *American Farmers' Almanac* published by Montgomery Ward has all the earmarks of Denslow's distinctive style. Even the illustration of a young women in red, fleeing for her life before being trampled and gored by a raging bull while his harem looks benignly on from



behind the broken fence bears his sense of "humor". The cover design is signed "Wallace" in the lower right corner. There is just one problem. I have yet to find any record that W.W. Denslow ever signed his middle name to his work. You can look for yourself at a photograph of the cover in question. I invite you to be the judge.

As mentioned earlier, my collection had languished after that one eventful day in a printshop in Des Moines, Iowa. In fact, it did not grow for almost 40 years, even while my personal library had outgrown its bookshelves. A few years ago at the University of Puget Sound annual flea market, the charming pen and ink illustrations in an old book laying on a table caught my eye. It was a very non-descript little book in an off white cloth binding, titled *Die Kinder Aus Dem Roslihaus*, translated as *The Children of the Rose House* and written in 1920 by Sophie Reuschle, and published by Erich Matthes in Leipzig, Germany. The illustrations and capitals were drawn by a then 26 year old Andreas Paul Weber who had just returned home from the Great War and had already begun experimenting with lithography. After first illustrating *The Children of the Rose House*, his military service and firsthand witness of the carnage on the Eastern front in World War I influenced him greatly in his later work. His subsequent lithographs and later his premonitions of what was to come did not please the Nazi elites, and he paid for their displeasure with six months in a Nazi indoctrination camp. Unfortunately, his dislike of Hitler did not translate into a love for Jews. I include him in my discussion only to illustrate how, like Leyendecker, Weber's style and technique altered drastically over the course of his life. It is difficult to reconcile the pastoral scene from *The Children of the Rose House* to the macabre lithograph of Napoleon playing the Russian Winter in a game of chess. It should be noted that as an avid chess player, the theme of chess features prominently in his later work.

At this point, my collection began to seemingly take on a life of its own and start to grow. The following year found me once again at the University of Puget Sound Flea Market. The year before, I had found *The Children of the Rose House* merely by chance. This time, as we scoured the selection of books separately, my



wife was pounced upon by the same octogenarian who had sold me *The Children of the Rose House* from the year before. While my wife stood guard over the box of books, she pointed me out and the woman came and personally led me to the books in question. I sincerely believe she had been hiding them under a table, only bringing them out when she saw the two of us inside. At any rate, inside the box was an 1830-1856, twenty volume, (I believe second edition) of *The Waverly Novels* and six volumes of the poems by Sir Walter Scott.

According to my research, these books, just like the original Waverly Stories were published in installments, with only one being published each year and not always by the same printer or publisher, although the three quarter binding of red Moroccan leather and marbled paper remained the same from volume to volume. Just as in other books, my attention turned to the engraved illustrations on the frontispiece of each book. Below some but not all was the signature J. M. W. Turner. The first image is an engraving of Loch Katrine made from a drawing by J. M. W. Turner. I am unclear if Turner, being a skilled draughtsman, made only the drawing or if he also made the engraving. It was customary sometimes for artists to make drawings from which skilled engravers would create the work for printing. In either case, the original artist would get the credit for the work. The engraving is taken from Volume III of *The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, The Lady of the Lake* and *The Bridal of Triermain*, printed by the Edinburgh Printing Company, 1840. Of course, I think we are familiar with or perhaps have



seen the work Turner is most known for, including the oil painting, *The Fighting Temeraire* at the Tate Gallery in London



Where one artist leaves off, another takes up the torch. Born eight years after Turner, William Strang followed in his footsteps as both a prolific painter and as a printmaker, (emphasis on printmaker). He is particularly known for his etchings, including illustrations for John Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Strang was a master of technique including woodblock printing and other printing processes.

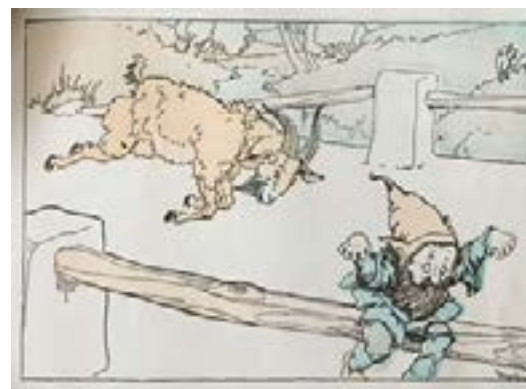
In 1898 he wrote, published, and illustrated *A Book of Giants* at his Unicorn Press at his Unicorn Press in London. Inside *The Book of Giants*, Strang demonstrates his poetic abilities alongside his mastery of wood engraving in twelve poems and engravings.

In one of the poems, *The Giant And The Wires*, the last stanza of the poem, reads:

*They Bound his arms, they tore his coat,
They twisted, coiling, round his throat;
His fiercest struggles they defied,
And so he laid him down and died.*

Ahh, children's books. The colophon for this book states, "The Unicorn Quartos, Number One. A book of Giants by William Strang. Published at the Unicorn Press VII. Cecil Court, London, W.C. MDCCCXCVIII." Although Strang created many works at The Unicorn Press, I have been unable to find any other works by Strang indicating any other quartos were printed.

However and whenever my collection of books may have begun over 40 years ago, is not as important as how my love for books began. If it were not for primers, most of us would probably still be illiterate, including myself. My earliest memories of books begins with the primers I read and learned to read from in a one room country schoolhouse I attended with seven other classmates of varying ages in Western Nebraska. It sat in the corner of a dusty wheatfield accompanied by two outhouses in the back and a badger hole in the front. Its "library" was smaller than a guest bathroom and housed a collection of books dating from early 1900 to about 1937. Once a month, our teacher would invite one of the students to come stay overnight with her and her husband in the small town 13 miles away. There we would go to



the local library and check out as many books as we could possibly carry which we would proudly take back to our classmates to absorb the words and pictures, like the sponges we were. Looking back, I am sure some of the Dr. Seuss books were probably first editions. To this day, I still search for some of the books I remember from that school library, and on occasion, I am

rewarded by rediscovering one of those books and feeling like a missing piece of myself has found its way home.

Standing in an antique store in Fife, Washington, an old primer caught my eye. It only took the first illustration for me to realize this was one of the missing pieces I had been searching for. As I turned the pages, every story and illustration brought to life the memory of reading "The Three Billy Goats Gruff" aloud to the rest of the school under the watchful eye of the teacher. The title of the book is simply *The Primer* by Free and Treadwell, published in 1910. Incidentally, my father, who is age 90 years, attended the same one room country schoolhouse from 1935-1943 and also remembers the book now residing happily in my library.

Since then, I have discovered two more books from that library which now form a part of my collection. *The Child's Primer* was published in 1918 by the John C. Winston Company and illustrated by one of my favorite illustrators, Frederick Richardson. Who can forget stories, like "The Little Red Hen", or "Henny Penny"? At this point, I almost have to say, all roads lead to Chicago since like J.H. Vanderpoel, Richardson also taught at the Art Institute of Chicago before going on to illustrate many books for the John C. Winston Company, including the Winston Readers and my 1926 copy of *The Adventures of Pinocchio*. There is a curious aspect to the copyright page of *The Child's Primer*. It is not often I find an error on a copyright page, but I cannot read the copyright date in any other way except as an error. It reads; copyright XCMXVIII which is unreadable as a Roman Numeral. Add a line above the first X and it becomes the year 10, 918. Without the line it becomes meaningless. Or perhaps they meant copyright 90,018. Or maybe they even meant copyright MCMXVIII which would be 1918. As it is, a quick google search does indeed confirm the copyright date of MCMXVIII. Incidentally, Frederick Richardson worked with Frank Baum and his *Wizard of Oz* Series after Baum and Denslow had parted company after the first book.

The third book which I rediscovered as part of that long lost library is titled, *The Tale of a Lucky Dog* and is definitely not a primer but deserves mentioning because I feel it is somewhat of a curiosity. Written by Beth Proctor in the mid 1920's and richly illustrated by Fay Turpin, it tells the story of a young boy in Japan who grows up with his dog only to answer the call to duty and to serve his Emperor. We are greeted on the first page with an illustration of Japanese children marching with toy swords and the flag of the rising sun, the



symbol of Imperial Japan. I find its survival in that one room country schoolhouse, miraculous considering the anti-Japanese sentiment during and following World War II. Perhaps its survival can be attributed to the school's isolation and possibly to the fact there were no Japanese to my knowledge living in that part of Nebraska at that time and so any animosity might have been either lost or muted by vast distances. One last note; I am unclear as to how in any way the dog could be considered lucky. One day when the little boy, now grown, went to the garden to find his friend, he had disappeared and no one ever knew where he went. The little boy, now a grown man, carried a toy figurine of the little dog for the rest of his life. The End. The book is richly colored and gives striking insight to the teaching of Bushido and love of emperor. Even though the book is not a history book it gives us an unintentional slice of history.



It's been many years since I last attended that country school house on the corner of a wheat field in Nebraska and I still look for abecedarian books. I would like to close with three of my favorite abecedarian books, the first of which many of you might be familiar with, *An Alphabet of Celebrities*. A contemporary of William Strang, Oliver Herford, who had moved from England to the other side of the pond was known for his humor and wit. He also created illustrations for *The Complete Cynic* in my collection, but is probably best known for his work, *An Alphabet of Celebrities*, published just one year after William Strang's work, *A Book of Giants*. Similar in style to *A Book of Giants*, *An Alphabet of Celebrities* happens to be my favorite abecedarian work. Like Strang, Herford created his own illustrations with accompanying rhymes. I wonder what Queen Victoria thought when she read:



*Q is the Queen,
so noble
and free-
For further particulars look under V.*

Just before acquiring *An Alphabet of Celebrities*, I had the good fortune of finding the next book at an estate sale. Not actually a primer, it is a teacher's edition titled *Blackboard-Story Telling* by Hilda Keel-Smith written in 1925. I discovered this book at an estate sale and as an artist, I fell in love with the book because it illustrated so well one of my prime tenets about sketching, that being every artist must develop their own calligraphy for drawing, and indeed, her sketching marks closely resemble a form of shorthand very similar to that which one might find in a copy of Gregg

Shorthand.

According to Askart.com, Hilda Keel-Smith was born in England in 1872 and moved to San Francisco in 1895, studying art at the Mark Hopkins Art Institute. She went on to study teaching at the San Francisco State Normal



School, one of the first normal schools on the west coast. After graduating, she joined the faculty of the school, now named the San Francisco State Teachers' College as drawing instructor, later authoring several books on drawing. Later, the school would be re-named again as San Francisco State College and yet again as San Francisco State University which name it retains today.

★★★

A book artist, Mark Hoppmann is a member of the Puget Sound Book Artists, an illustrator, painter and collector of anything interesting, including inkwells and pens, all while living and working in Tacoma, Washington. His artist statement reads: "I have always been curious. That curiosity has resulted in an eclectic accumulation of objects, memories, experiences, and books, all of which in turn, inspire my art. With apologies to Rudyard Kipling, my intent is to design books for those with "satiating curiosity." Simple, but thoughtfully creative book designs hide a treasury of illustrations within. His favorite question is, "Hey Mark! I have this old book. Do you want it?"



Cycle, Life, Box, Book: Musing on a Day in Tim Ely's Studio

By: Amanda C. R. Clark

Have you ever been in a house that is at once both totally quiet—boards creek and faint winds rustle leaves outside windowpanes—while at the same time it is totally alive, vibrant with expectant energy, as if the house has stories to tell from its long history and inhabitants, stories that continue, the ghosts of memory? This is the experience of being in Tim Ely's house and studio. After showing some photographs of this bookmaker's workshop to a friend, she burst out with the words: his studio is an artists' book. Yes. Pins stuck into bobbins of twine, cold metal, bottles of every shape and size filled with the rare, the mundane, the unnoticed. Layers, colors, and textures. Ely's studio is like one of his books,



waiting to be explored and handled, cherished without hubris and appreciated with awe while cracking a sly grin.

My first visit was one for person and place, to get to know Tim better and to see where he works. My second visit was that again but with a different destiny; it was to spend time with the books themselves, unhurried and without preset intentions. With a desk, a lamp, and a cat, Tim showed me a shelf of oversized, boxed artists' books that I was welcome to peruse at my leisure. I would bring them down from the shelf, to the light, and set them on the reflective glass, catching unbidden glimpses of myself as I stared down in wonder at these physical stories, some of them offering themselves to me willingly, others telling me quietly

A scene from Tim Ely's studio.

that this wasn't our time, and maybe never would be.

The cat brushed by my legs; the pipes for heating popped and groaned softly; there was an alive and patient silence. The rocker waited to be rocked, the guitar strings were taught, ready to resonate.

Intervals was from 1975, taking me back in time to my own time of beginnings. Beginnings are strange things, so empty; my slate still nearly blank, I let words and thoughts tumble into the sketchbook I'd brought with me to take notes on. Words appeared like: repetitive, unconscious/reversal, imposing, no emerging (as positive), challenge preconceptions, smudge, rustic, the point as lack of point, single, double, triple. Who knows what any of that means, but

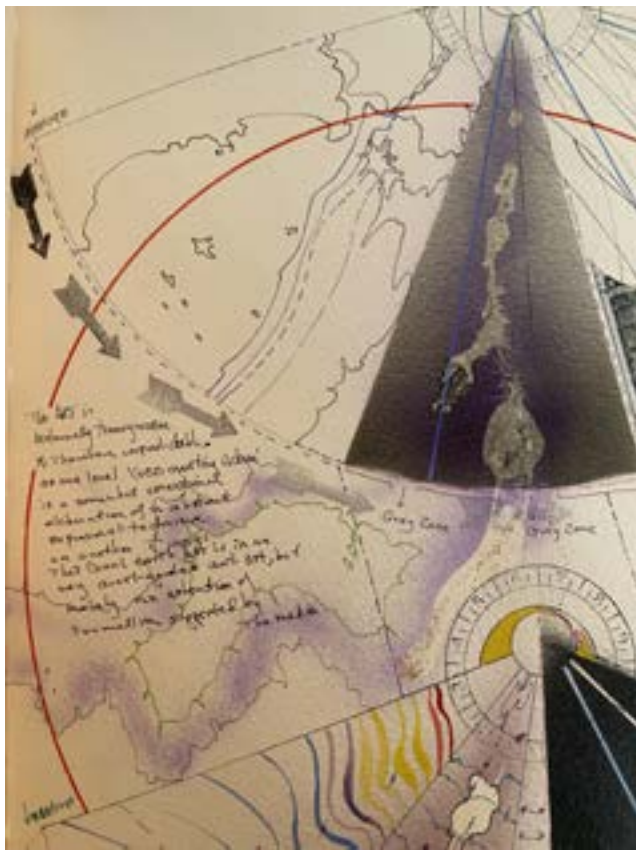
that was my free-association as I gingerly turned those pages.

I pause to ponder the cat and the coasters before returning to the shelf for UFO. I like this work; it reminds me of my father-in-law, of whom I am fond. It excited the engineer's mind; it makes me long for time travel. On that last page does it say "no memory" or "no meaning"? Does it matter? Aren't those the same thing? I can feel that I'm beginning to ride the crest of a wave that will carry me through the day. I'm starting to spot themes. I'm hooked.

I pass through *Jupiter Effect* (2005), seduced by the embossed leather binding, material and texture becoming my whole life—a complete experience. And then I come to the 1977 work *A Comparative Essay on the Sistine Chapel and the Panama Canal*. I wish I could say that I retained my focus after this book, but I did not. This book became my fixation that day, and even though I stayed in that room paging through many other treasures I was lost after I spent time with *A Comparative Essay*, like a true love that leaves you haunted and distracted every moment you spend away.

Have I fallen in love with this book because of the playful juxtaposition of the Panama Canal and the Sistine Chapel? Is it because there is more text than in some of his other works? Am I drawn to text? He has written, and then I write in my notebook: "Religion and magic are inseparable: one cannot survive without the other."

The text moves in a circular motion; I turn the book as I read it. God hovers over the water—the canal—I hover over the book. It turns; we turn. Do I think I find more meaning in a book with more text? Do I equate that with more story? I am troubled by what I worry are my own limitations as a viewer, as an art historian.



Images from the interior of *A Comparative Essay on the Sistine Chapel and the Panama Canal*.

"Art as 'transgressive,' as irreverent in all the right ways," I pencil into my notebook. Do we find acceptance through authority? How do we determine a great work of art? By what magic?

There were many more books that passed through my hands that day, many pages between fingers, before I relented and made my way up the stairs, those historic banisters marking my slow progress round and round. In the studio I wedged under an eave and found the early years, the young Tim, far younger than I am now. What I truly sought was the 1976-77 journal, but I couldn't help but start in 1967, seeking out forms and patterns that would emerge still 53 years later—is the persistent use of certain symbols and particular patterns the true signature of the artist? What is truth? I am seeking something, to unveil something I am seeking about the truth of genius, a concept unpopular these days, but one I cannot relinquish. I am hunting.

In the first few pages of this notebook he plays with light and shadow, gradation, sphere and orb. I find often the meaningful, meaningless squiggle. The embrace of negative space—the power of a floating symbol, free in space. I see Tim. I watch 20-something Tim rework his ideas; I watch the development of the kidney bean, for example, and his intentional, relentless attention to shape and form.

I am too eager. I leap forward. My fingers count along the spins to 1976 and I begin my search for the Sistine Chapel. There it is. How could I mistake the unmistakable finger of Adam reaching out? At first, attention is paid to process and structure, the drawings are nearly all, it seems, focused on the mechanics of work. Interspersed are the UFO working drawings as these two works dance in time together. I notice that by the 1970s, he has caught the bug: the pages are full of the book-as-object, how best to make, to design, and to create the book structure compared to the casting-about of 1967. I see that he is managing a few projects at a time, the journal flitting between projects – where does the inspiration for one end and the other begin?

By 1976 he has mastered the headband. I begin to fall for another book sketched out in this journal, *Softness*, and I wonder where it is, what has become of this unknown book? I am quiet under the dormer, peeking out as Tim passes by, his cats playfully assisting his choice of media. I am the alive stillness.



Among the journals in Tim Ely's studio.

1 December 76: “the book gestalt must be intuitively understood...the bound drawings require (for me) an entirely different treatment.”

I like this thirty-something Tim, his brain alive with firing thoughts, fighting the constructs of theory and the academy, hasty scribbles, exclamation points, pages of passionate declarations intercut with pages of reminiscence, one documents a job not received. A forging is taking place.

A few lone images dominate a page, the power of not wanting to be crowded out by other ideas; other pages are full of text. It is the joy of the art historian to engage in this process, so rare, of delving both into an art object and its process materials. The journal reads: “Almost May—I am not sure how to proceed with Sistine Chapel/Panama Waterway,” and yet, I have just held this book in my hands mere moments ago, complete and magnificent. To peek through the keyhole into the past coming-together of the project and re-live its development in the real-time of recorded memory now held static, is thrilling. How will he solve the puzzle? How will the mystery unfold?

The journal notes that he visited some rare books at Suzzallo; he ordered paper. Re-reading my notes I find that I delight in his thinking—even when doubling back—his honesty. I had noted to myself earlier that I often did not find colophons at the back of his books, and here in 1977 I find these musings:

“I have tentatively concluded that my approach to bookbinding/drawing parallels painting – paintings are not titled in a visual area – so books of drawings need only be titled in an unobtrusive area – title pages, indexes, contents, etc., all those books parts are just not necessary (yet*).”

And then at the very bottom of the page: “*I say this with reservation.”

A sketch of Michelangelo’s ceiling. A map of the canal. I am looking for clues. How is his mind working? I delight in the secrets of process.

I must apologize to you now, reader, that I cannot really share this with you; it was a fleeting moment, one difficult to transmit. I look up and the cat is staring at me, eyes locked.

The journal shows an increasing focus on the Chapel/Canal book. The cover design emerges in sketch: the spine; sections; drawings, architectural in nature; the statement:

“Just had an idea,” 17 October 77.

He notes “Progressions” on projects regularly, and on 1 November 77 he notes the primary project is “Panama Canal.” I muse that hundreds of miles away on this very date, I am making my own journey down a birth canal, touching the finger of God, perhaps. The universe expands, overlaps. By 30 November 77 drawings of the box that will house the Sistine Chapel/Panama Canal book are detailed. He considers leaving the book unbound in the box. I watch again a 20-second video I filmed of the completed book downstairs; the text arcs around the page, reading: “All mythic forms function conceptually as methods of meditation & transubstantiation with little indifference to scale.”

Trucks rumble by amidst the comforting drone of the street. Paws prowl across



Another illustration from *The Sistine Chapel and the Panama Canal*.

floorboards, and the iPad dings, again, like a bell rousing me from meditation.

★★★

About Tim Ely:

Timothy Ely was born in the Snohomish General Hospital in 1949. Truman was president. On the site of the hospital now stands the new version of The Snohomish Public Library. Tim became a voracious reader at a young age. A sympathetic teacher [who also taught him to draw] would lead him often back into that public library [a fine old Carnegie building] where tales of pirates, Tesla coils, maps, flying saucers and back issues of Scientific American and Popular Mechanics would begin to tarnish the goals set for him by the rest of the family. In this library he began to explore images in the worlds of science fiction and comic books.

Following high school and tenure in several local area rock bands, Ely enrolled at Everett Community College following luminaries such as Chuck Close and Donn Trethewey by several years. This was just after the summer of love [1967] and a time of extraordinary fertility in painting. Ely was perfectly placed.

With painting a primary interest and an awareness that design was the grounding language, Ely pursued a degree in fine art. A number of chance remarks by teachers began to gradually orient Ely towards the inherent duality

in the forms of the book.

There were no opportunities for study in that area, but the pull of the idea of the book as an aesthetic carrier was a potent and inspiring image. Following graduate school [MFA Design 1975] Ely began a self-motivated study of bookbinding. He began to fabricate the work he is known for today, a fusion of largely English-style binding techniques with visionary drawings of an unknowable future.

He has received numerous awards. With an NEA grant [1982] he traveled to Japan, Italy and England, studying bookbinding and papermaking. Following this he moved to New York, where he established a studio and also taught at the Center for Book Arts. During this decade in New York, he traveled to Europe, Central America and Scandinavia lecturing, exhibiting and teaching. He has had numerous solo exhibitions and has participated in many group exhibitions. His two most recent exhibitions were at the Jundt Museum of Art and The Northwest Museum of Art and Culture. His work is collected planet wide and is held in public, private and secret collections.

Tim currently lives in Eastern Washington near the Colfax River.

Amanda C. Roth Clark holds an MLIS and Ph.D. in Library & Information Studies from The University of Alabama. She is the Dean of the Library and Special Programs at Whitworth University in Spokane, Washington. Clark's research interests include architecture, artists' books, and library administration.

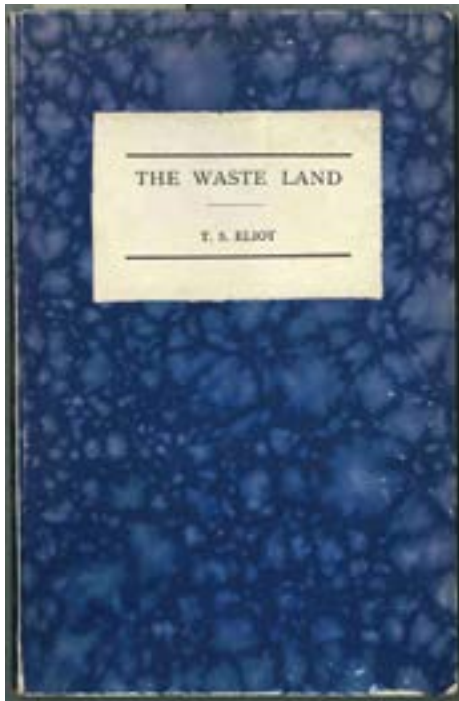
The Library of Leonard and Virginia Woolf and the Hogarth Press Collection at Washington State University

By: Trevor James Bond, PhD

In 1967, Washington State University (WSU) English Professor John Elwood took a sabbatical to the south coast of England with his wife Karen and their three sons, Sean, Erik, and Kirk. It would be the most important sabbatical ever for the WSU Library. During their time in England, the Elwoods met Fred Lucas, a bookstore owner, who in turn introduced the Elwoods to author and critic Leonard Woolf, spouse of Virginia Woolf, arguably the most innovative British writer of the 20th century. Leonard Woolf still lived in Monk's House, in Rodmell, the next village over from where the Elwoods stayed.

Sean Elwood remembered them: "Fred was soft spoken, with a slightly reserved manner, not overly serious nor ever self-important. He walked with a pronounced limp... He had perpetually red cheeks, thinning hair, small dark twinkling eyes set behind wire half-rim spectacles. At work he was always dressed in a brown three-piece suit. He looked like a British bookseller that central casting might have sent up. Nancy, his wife, was short, round, full of energy, outgoing, with an easy sense of humor and ready, pronounced laugh. She was a bit louder than Fred, a little rougher around the edges, but they had apparently struck a balance that worked nicely for both their business and domestic relationship. Dad would go to the Bow Windows to browse through the stacks and talk to Fred and Nancy. I would go with him and rifle through their flat-files that were full of old maps, hunting or sailing prints and 19th-century cartoons."

Fred and Nancy Lucas duly arranged a visit for the Elwood family to meet Leonard Woolf. As Sean recalled: "I remember very little of actually going there. When I met Mr. Woolf, I recall marveling at what seemed to be an inner-energy that he expressed through the intensity of his gaze. When he spoke, he would turn his craggy long face towards the person he was addressing and lock his eyes on them. He seemed genuinely interested in whoever it was and whatever was being said... even when he spoke to us boys." Sean continued, "It was a cool day when we went to Monk's House, but we stayed outside. We played bowls with Mr. Woolf in the back garden while my parents talked to him about I have no idea what. While courteous and engaged with my father, he was more solicitous towards my mother. When we were about to leave, dad asked if he could please see the Hogarth Press first edition of T.S. Eliot's, *The Wasteland*. Woolf went in and came out holding a copy, it's boards covered with what looked like a hand-marbled blue paper. My mother, without thinking, said, "Oh, it's blue, my favorite color!" She immediately felt foolish for saying it. But Woolf locked his eyes on her, made a mid-course correction away from dad and towards my



mother. "Is it? It's my mine too!" he said, while at the same time tossing the book (a pristine first edition copy of one of the most influential works of English literature in the 20th-century, one of only 460 copies hand-printed by the Leonard and Virginia Woolf) through the air towards my father who lunged, bobbled, but finally retained possession of the volume." This very book is now in a climate controlled book vault on the Pullman campus.

A few years later in 1969, Lucas mentioned in a letter to Elwood that his shop, the Bow Windows Book Shop, had acquired the bulk of Leonard and Virginia Woolf's library after Leonard Woolf's death. Elwood immediately contacted Director of the WSU Libraries, G. Donald Smith, who supported the purchase of the collection. After a

25-minute trans-Atlantic call, WSU negotiated first chance to buy the collection. The initial purchase was for eleven-thousand British Pounds (\$26,000 USD then, roughly \$192,000 today when adjusted for inflation).

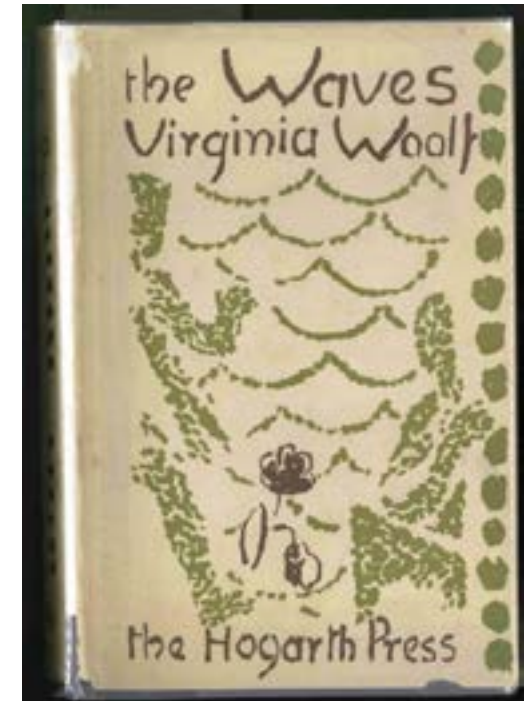
Most of Leonard and Virginia Woolf's books came to WSU in the early 1970s, but some of their library went to other institutions. Leonard Woolf's executor, Trekkie Parsons, gave a collection of all of Virginia Woolf's first editions, signed editions, and a set of Leonard Woolf's works to Sussex University. Sir John Carter of Sotheby's purchased 400 volumes from the library, mostly first editions and association copies that were auctioned in separate lots. WSU purchased some of these, but most went to the Ransom Center at the University of Texas. The New York Public Library purchased Virginia Woolf's diaries and other manuscripts, which now form part of the Berg Collection. WSU also bought books from Leonard Woolf's residence in London in 1974, an additional 400 volumes that Leonard had loaned to his nephew Cecil Woolf, and 100 books from Quentin Bell, Virginia Woolf's nephew and biographer. Librarians at WSU immediately noted the incomplete holdings of the Hogarth Press, which the Woolfs founded in 1917, and immediately began collecting those titles. This is an effort that continues to the present. WSU has arguably the finest collection of the Hogarth Press, which includes numerous association copies, rare printing variants, and fine dust jackets.

Among the highlights of the Hogarth Press Collection are three copies—including both binding variants (blue cloth or red and white)—of *Two Stories*: the very first volume published by the Hogarth Press, limited to 150 copies,

hand-set and hand-printed by Leonard and Virginia Woolf in their living room. Another exceedingly rare book is our copy of the privately circulated *Poems* by Cecil Nathan Sidney Woolf, 1918, one of only a few surviving copies. Leonard and Virginia printed this volume for his funeral. Cecil Woolf perished in World War I.

Today the Woolf Library fills 219 shelves of books, roughly 9,900 books, housed in a secure, climate-controlled room in Manuscripts, Archives, and Special Collections (MASC) on the Pullman campus. It is a glorious, massive, and far ranging collection. It is a library of libraries. Virginia Woolf inherited her father, Sir Leslie Stephen's, large library. He was the author of numerous works and the first editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Stephen's first wife was Laura Makepeace Thackeray, daughter of the famed author of *Vanity Fair*, William Makepeace Thackeray. Virginia also inherited her brother Toby's books and her mother Julia Duckworth's library. Leonard Woolf brought his own library to the marriage including his Classical texts from University, books that he reviewed, and volumes he collected. Friends associated with the Bloomsbury group and others gave the Woolfs more books. One such gift, a copy of *Before the Bombardment* from the author, Osbert Sitwell, is inscribed to Virginia Woolf, "For dear Virginia, tremblingly, from the author. Oct. 2, 1926." Both Leonard and Virginia reviewed many more books now in the library. There are scores of books that Virginia Woolf re-bound or repaired, books with pictures drawn by her father and brother, and books annotated by Leonard Woolf. There is a rare, unnumbered, first edition of James Joyce's *Pomes Penyeach*, published by Sylvia Beach's Shakespeare and Company. The Woolfs also had a collection of maps for driving in the U.K. and on the Continent. Some of the volumes contained letters or other bits of ephemera. These items now comprise a collection of insert papers which reference the book and call number where the item was found, (copies of the letters are housed in the books in acid-free envelopes).

One of my favorite books in the collection is a gift that Leonard presented to Virginia for her thirty-third birthday in 1917, a first edition of Sir Walter Scott's *The Abbott*. At her birthday tea, Virginia and Leonard made a major decision. They would start the Hogarth Press which in time would become a highly





influential publisher of Modernist literature including nearly all of Virginia Woolf's works, T.S. Eliot's *The Wasteland*, the first publisher in English of Freud's works, as well as hundreds of other titles.

WSU English Professor Emerita, Diane Gillespie, recalled first seeing the collection when she arrived on campus as an Assistant Professor in 1975: "My PhD-level work on Virginia Woolf had prepared me to use and introduce others to Leonard and Virginia Woolf's personal library. Then housed on an upper floor in the older Holland Library building, the books were a special province of librarian Leila Luedeking. With infectious enthusiasm, she brought out treasured hand-printed books, annotated the incomplete and sometimes inaccurate seller's catalogue, and provided me with lists of any categories of holdings that might interest me. Although I was overwhelmed by the possibilities, I felt very lucky to be here!"

When the Woolf Library books first came to campus, they were initially housed in Holland library. With the formation of Manuscripts, Archives, and Special Collections (MASC) in 1978, library staff moved the collection and shelved it by call number along with the other rare book collections in MASC. In 2010, I hired two graduate students Andrew McCarthy (PhD 2010) and Nora Kuster (nee Wiechert, PhD 2009) to help move the Woolf Library to its own section of the rare book vault. According to Nora Kuster, "The Woolf collection made me realize that authors operate in dialogue with others that have come before them. They do not think, write, and create in a vacuum. An author's personal library provides a physical marker of that community."

Today, the Library of Leonard and Virginia Woolf is cataloged with Library

of Congress call numbers which organizes the books by subject, author, and date. One can walk to the PA call numbers and see their books in Latin and Greek including Virginia Woolf's copy of Sophocles' *Antigone*, which she read in Greek and annotated with her translation notes. We do have evidence of how the Woolfs organized their library at their country home. As part of the sale of the bulk of the Woolf Library to WSU, Holleyman & Treacher prepared a volume titled: *Catalogue of books from the Library of Leonard and Virginia Woolf taken from Monks House, Rodmell, Sussex and 24 Victoria Square, London and now in the possession of Washington State University Pullman, U.S.A.* According to the Catalogue at Monk's house, the Woolfs had their French Literature sets, Chatto and Windus publications, general literature, their collection of books on Ceylon and roughly 100 volumes of the Loeb Classics library in a dining room, called the Apple Room. The Garden Room, used as a bedroom by Virginia Woolf, included her works in all languages, books she had repaired, her father's copy of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, works of criticism, and literature. In Leonard's bedroom he had reference works, dictionaries, Baedeker travel guides, literary criticism, biography, political and sociological works, history volumes, and Greek and Latin classics. Leonard studied Greek and Latin at Cambridge and read both languages fluently. On the first floor landing, the Woolfs had history sets, larger volumes including quartos and folios and in the sitting room, Hogarth Press volumes, first editions from the Bloomsbury group, 17th and 18th century books. On the second floor in the Work Room, they had their poetry, novels, first editions, literary criticism, Leonard Woolf's first editions and reprints, and other authors.

Over the decades, we have welcomed scholars from around the world to work



with the Woolf Library. During her tenure at WSU and in her retirement, Gillespie has mined the collection for numerous books and articles. According to Gillespie, “Because much of my research involves relationships between visual and verbal arts, I was delighted by the first editions of Virginia Woolf’s writings, published by the Woolf’s Hogarth Press with illustrations and dust jackets designed by Virginia Woolf’s sister Vanessa Bell. Although I had made research trips to other archives, art galleries, art dealers, and private collections, mostly in England, I was delighted to find right here in the Woolf library thirty one of the eighty-two illustrations for my first book, *The Sisters’ Arts: The Writing and Painting of Virginia Woolf and Vanessa Bell* (1988, 1991).” Gillespie has also examined the range of surprising titles published by the Hogarth Press including detective novels, a novel about war refugees, one spoofing wedding rituals, an etiquette guide, a book of advice about investing, books on religion, heart health and diet, and a collection of last words.

The Woolf Library continues to inspire graduate students and other researchers. Kathryn Manis, a PhD candidate in Rhetoric and Composition, spent the summer of 2021 as a graduate fellow taking digital photographs of books in the Woolf Library that Virginia Woolf repaired or re-covered as well as Woolf’s American first editions. She contributed these images to the Modernist Archives Publishing Project (MAPP) project, an international collaboration between faculty at Universities in the United States, Canada, and the United Kingdom, creating a critical digital archive of early twentieth-century publishers, beginning with Leonard and Virginia Woolf. According to Manis, “hands-on learning with primary texts has been one of the most important elements of my own research and of my teaching. Primary source work, at all levels of education and for all majors and specialties, grounds your engagement with something in its material reality.”

The Woolf Library and the Hogarth Press Collections are available to anyone who visits MASC, Monday-Friday between 9 and 4 pm, Terrell Library ground floor, Pullman. Feel free to call the department at 509 335 6691, email at [masc.ref@wsu.edu](mailto:ref@wsu.edu) or visit our website: <https://libraries.wsu.edu/masc/>.

★ ★ ★

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In the Attic with Ivan Doig: Exploring a Haunted House of Sky

By: Janelle Zauha

“Yes. This album of summers again, as if I might finger through the emulsion patterns to the moments themselves.” Ivan Doig, *This House of Sky* (p. 7)

Ivan Doig’s memoir *This House of Sky: Landscapes of a Western Mind* is a book filled with longing. In its pages, Doig is reconstructing his Montana childhood through the scant clues that are left him. He writes eloquently of his struggle to know his long-lost mother, peering into the tiny photographs arranged tidily on the stiff pages of the family album he’s inherited. The reader struggles along with him as he describes these photos, frustrated that Doig’s book isn’t illustrated, longing to see those same faces that the author finds so inspiring. As the book progresses, this longing increases. Doig calls up the voices, the

locations, the sounds of bawling sheep and the wind in the cottonwoods—all the sensory markers of his childhood—in vivid, poetic detail, but tantalizingly out of reach, even more for the reader than the author, who at least owns these memories.

It is the frustrated reader’s good fortune that Ivan Doig left an immense archive



Ivan Doig writing with the tools of his trade: a manual typewriter and boxes of tabbed notecards.¹

when he passed away in April 2015. His archive, like most literary archives, invites exploration and promises a deeper look into the writer’s life and into the raw materials of his writing. It is even more fortunate that Doig, as an experienced historian and journalist, used and valued archives so much that he wrote all his works with one eye trained on the reader’s longing for more, keeping and organizing meticulous records of his research and writing, and of his life in writing. And if it’s possible to escalate the reader’s good fortune further, the Ivan Doig Archive is now so accessible to readers they don’t even have to leave their couch to explore it.

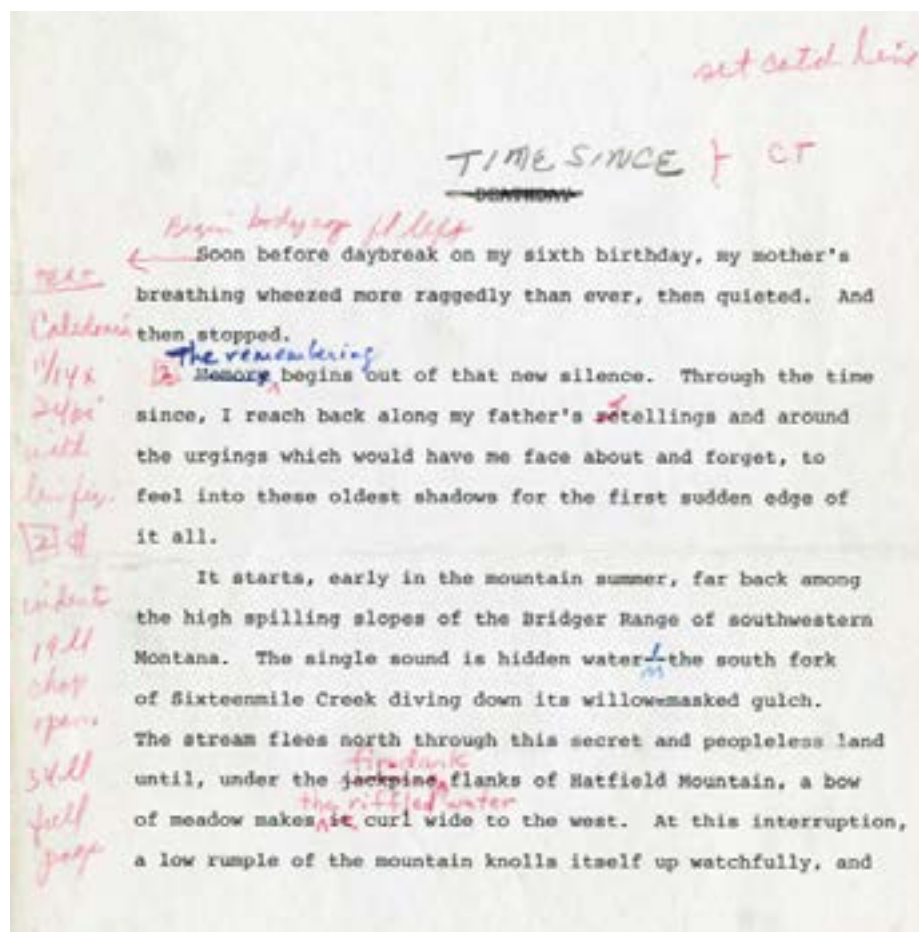
This essay is an exploration of what readers can expect from the literary archive of Ivan Doig and how its content can enrich readers' understanding and enjoyment of the author's body of work, but especially *This House of Sky*, his foundational memoir and first sole-authored book. Doig's archive is extraordinarily accessible both physically and digitally: online at The Ivan Doig Archive <http://ivandoig.montana.edu>, and physically in the reading room of Archives and Special Collections at Montana State University (MSU) Library in Bozeman. *This House of Sky* in particular is the seeking reader's dream, as well as the literary archivist's. It is a book about loss, memory, desire, and the family relics the writer keeps in an effort to travel back in time. The very story entices us to go on the journey with the author, to seek out his ghosts, to try to break the barriers between past and present, author and reader, book and life. As Ivan rails against the silence left by his mother's death, the reader enters the archive and opens the attic door in *This House of Sky*...

Literary Archives

To understand the possibilities that Ivan Doig's archive holds for the reader, it is helpful to pause and consider literary archives in general. Of all archival collections, literary archives are perhaps the most enticing because they promise the eager reader entry into the mysterious workings behind and beyond the published book. While publication necessarily conceals the materials and work that go into a book, the opportunity to explore the author's archives allows an archeological dig into the pre-life of the beloved book. For the reader who wants to know more about the author's process of writing, the literary archive that contains various drafts, notes, and other raw materials invites a kind of reverse engineering of the published work. The perceptive reader pouring over the archive gains insight that illuminates the work being studied, the life of the author, and the process of intellectual production generally. The literary archive gives evidence that the book we are reading, whether holding it in our hands or seeing it on our screen, is the end product of a very human struggle against chaos, loss, and inertia.

Beyond their most common function as sources of knowledge and evidence, literary archives also play an emotional role. As librarian-poet Philip Larkin reminded his colleagues at the Manuscripts Group of the Standing Conference of National and University Libraries in 1979, "All literary manuscripts have two kinds of value: what might be called the magical value and the meaningful value. The magical value is the older and more universal: this is the paper he wrote on, these are the words as he wrote them..."³ An author's manuscripts, diaries, notes—all potentially provide the reader with a visceral connection to the author. Poet and literary critic Dana Gioia writes in "The Hand of the Poet" that "[m]anuscripts... represent the imagination's passport; they allow the viewer to travel from the public and impersonal world of mechanical typography into the private, human world of the author."⁴ The reader holding the manuscript is made acutely aware of its rarity and of the privilege of access simply by noting the extensive protections that surround the archive, including locked doors, climate control, and the watchful eye of the archivist. The mass-produced book, unless inscribed or otherwise marked by the author, does not offer the same feeling of connection or privilege. Stephen Ennis, Betty Brumbalow Director of the Harry Ransom Center at the University of Texas at Austin, calls this craving for access to the original "an anxiety of authenticity, one that has been compounded by dramatic changes in the very manner and modes of textual production."⁵ While our easy access to printed and digital books has made reading a nearly universal pleasure, mass production has moved the author's presence further and further away from the reader, which makes the literary archive ever more attractive.

Not every literary archive offers the same potent allure or promise of authentic connection, of course. Nor do they all pose the same access or discovery challenges. It depends upon what the writer has chosen to save, to reveal, to mark, and how the holding institution has organized and made the collection accessible. For as much as the literary archive promises to reveal and to transport



Revisions of the first page of *This House of Sky*.²

the reader, it also of necessity withholds. Like all archival collections, its riches are accessible only through intellectual and manual labor. Collections are usually preserved physically behind locked doors, served up only after the reader has ferreted out a finding aid and then used the clues offered there to map requests that will, hopefully, lead to treasure—to the evidence or connection sought.

In the case of author Ivan Doig, we find a literary archive that contains much more than the expected manuscript texts that are basic to an author's archive. Doig's archive holds a rich array of the raw materials that are the foundation of all his works, materials that will satisfy the reader who longs for understanding and connection. The Ivan Doig Archive at MSU invites exploration and connection because it has, in the main, been digitized and it offers multiple access paths. The reader of Doig's memoirs or novels who is searching for evidence of the author's research or writing process can easily and freely explore digital surrogates of his materials online without physical travel. Such ease of access is a rarity in the world of archives. While many literary archives are extensive and hold important materials, most pose the significant barrier of physical location. Readers of Flannery O'Connor, for instance, will find that her papers are held at Emory University, but learn that in order to access them they have to travel to Georgia. This is the case for the majority of authors, with notable exceptions like the Mark Twain Project Online, which seeks to "produce a digital critical edition, fully annotated, of everything Mark Twain wrote."⁶

Of course, whether we're talking about Mark Twain or Ivan Doig, the digital version of a manuscript, no matter how well scanned or presented, loses some of its magical immediacy. But once the desired content is located online through the Ivan Doig Archive⁷, for instance, the reader who can visit Bozeman is encouraged to request specific texts and artifacts for use in the reading room, and can do so with more certainty of finding what is wanted thanks to the searchability of the digital full text. The extent of Doig's archive and the ease with which it can be explored online make it an author's attic worth opening, whether the reader is seeking deep insights or simply satisfying an itch brought on by the author's descriptions of life in Montana, the subject of most of his published works.

Finding the Door to the Attic

The finding aid for any literary archive provides biographical and other context that is useful even if the reader who comes to it is well-versed in the writer's works. A finding aid, as defined by the Society of American Archivists, is "a description that typically consists of contextual and structural information about an archival resource."⁸ As such, finding aids reveal essential details that help guide the researcher or reader in their exploration of the author's collection, making clear the intellectual and physical organization of what are sometimes massive collections. The Ivan Doig Archive, for instance, is approaching nearly 200 boxes and is still growing.⁹ Gleaning details about Doig as a person and author, and about the physical arrangement of the archive from the finding aid in the Archives West database¹⁰, enables the reader to effectively explore the

materials by providing brief biographical information and a basic outline of the collection's arrangement into series, subseries, and boxes. The finding aid is the door that the researcher needs.

Besides describing and orienting the reader to a physical collection, a finding aid often gives links to whatever has been digitized in the collection. This may be one item or many, depending on the funding and established priorities of the holding institution. If an author's collection of papers has been transformed into a digital archive, one that is nearly all or entirely available online, the gateway website for the collection will have more robust information for the reader than a traditional finding aid provides. Readers of southwestern writer Tony Hillerman, for instance, can go to his web portal¹¹ and find much more information than is provided by the collection's finding aid available in the Rocky Mountain Online Archive.¹² This is definitely true for the Ivan Doig Archive as well. In this case, the finding aid links the reader to the "searchable database" available on the Ivan Doig Archive website¹³, where the reader will also find a longer biography, bibliographies of books and articles by and about the author, images, projects that have come out of the archive, and, most importantly, a search interface for the full digital archive that allows for simple, advanced, and full text searching.

Since Ivan Doig was the author of 16 published works of memoir and fiction centered primarily in Montana with occasional forays out to the Pacific coast, the reader who ventures into his archive may quickly be overwhelmed even if using the finding aid. Which trunk or box to look in first? What corridor or series to follow? The archive naturally reflects the complexity of the author's body of work, with its intertwined formats, characters, research materials, and reflections. The novice as well as the ardent reader of Ivan Doig's books might best be advised to start at the beginning by exploring *This House of Sky*. Such a path is logical since anyone who has read the author's body of work readily sees the germ of his subsequent books in this first memoir. The stories, themes, character types, landscapes, and research methods of all Doig's books are rooted in this first book, as the man's life is grounded in his childhood.

The "Curious Life" of the Book

One of the most appealing stories behind any published book is how it came to be, especially if the reader is an aspiring writer. Literary archives can often help unravel the mysterious knot of book birthing, the often dramatic story that is usually not contained within a dust jacket. Diaries, biographical sketches, correspondence both personal and professional, early notes and drafts—all offer clues to the origin story of a book. Ivan Doig produced *This House of Sky* at 39-years-old, after spending 20 years training and working variously as a journalist, historian, and free-lance writer. The idea that became the book began percolating in the late 1960s as the health of Doig's father and grandmother began to decline, setting him in a race against time to capture their stories, all the while carrying on his freelance work. While Carol Doig, Ivan's wife and fellow journalist, provided economic stability in their partnership through her teaching at Shoreline Community College, Ivan toiled at freelance assignments,

editing, and drafting his “Montana book,” dabbling in poetry, and collaborating with Carol to co-author a journalism textbook titled *News: A Consumer's Guide*. Some of this detail we learn in the author's introduction to the fifteenth anniversary edition of *This House of Sky*, published in 1992. Doig's telling of the book's story is a wonderful addition to the text, an author's introduction well worth reading. It is his own exploration of the book's attic, sure proof that he is at heart a historian as well as journalist and that he understands the curiosity of his readers.

The details in Doig's introduction provide merely a taste of what the Ivan Doig Archive serves up as a feast. In fact, Doig's earnest re-telling of “how the book happened”¹⁴ provides many clues that the reader might follow back into the archive. He mentions his diary, the recordings of his father and grandmother, his notebooks, Carol's photos... The reader who takes the hint and ventures into the diaries and correspondence series in the archive, for instance, will find corroboration of the trials and joys Doig retells in his introduction. Indeed, while drafting *House*, Doig was clearly enmeshed in a complex web of writing commitments, research interests, and creative projects, as attested by the dizzying details of these projects in the diaries he kept of the 1970s. From the correspondence files we know that Ivan produced enough of the book he was then calling “Half-Life” to send it off to prospective A-list publishers in early 1977, including the likes of Simon and Schuster, Houghton Mifflin, and Alfred A. Knopf. His agent and friend, Ann Nelson, marketed the potential appeal of the book in her letter to these publishers: “While there are shelves of books that describe growing up red-necked in the south, growing up mind-blown in California, growing up sophisticated in New York, few books cast the same perspective on the western part of the country.”¹⁵ Nevertheless, publishers time and again replied, most with regret, that they could not see commercial value in the manuscript. We see all this in the archive. Ever the journalist, Doig carefully preserved and documented these rejections in his files, commenting in his diary on Feb 15, 1977, “Part of the book's curious life apparently is going to be very high-class rejection slips.”¹⁶

Though his journalism training in persistence and diligence served him well in this push to continue writing at the same time he was promoting the Montana book, the diary confesses to the doubts and stress that accompanied the process. Faced with the prospect of plugging along on a draft of the full manuscript in the midst of these rejections of the book's first section, Doig laments in his diary on March 1, 1977, “God, this is a lonely tightwire of a job.”¹⁷ The manuscript was finally accepted for consideration by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich (HBJ) in March 1977—after 12 rejections. In his diary entry for December 14, 1977, Doig takes time to reflect on the momentous year: “Just took time out to re-read diary entries to date, confirming my notion that this has been a packed, eventful year. I wrote about a dozen articles, including 3 for NY Times, and the entire book ms (sic)—along with the summer spent researching in Montana.”¹⁸

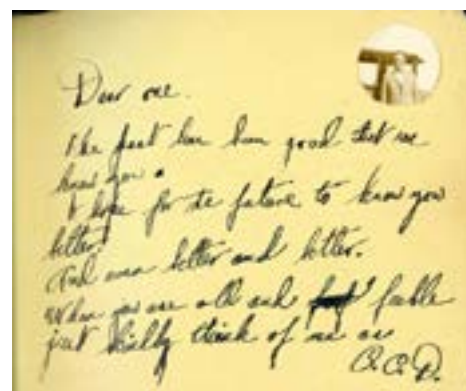
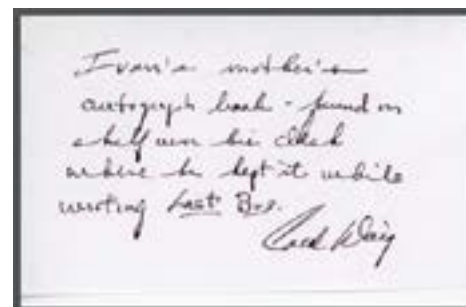
Doig was a relatively unknown writer in 1978 when his manuscript was finally and formally accepted for publication by HBJ. While interest in memoirs of boyhood was not unheard of at the time *House* came out—notably, Harry

Crews' *A Childhood* and Jim Carroll's *The Basketball Diaries* were also published in 1978—publishing the memoir of a seemingly unremarkable citizen from a sparsely populated region was clearly viewed by most publishers as risky. Fortunately, Doig's editor at HBJ, Carol Hill, recognized its value and potential,

writing to Doig on January 31, 1978 after reading the complete manuscript, “Without exception, everyone here who has read the manuscript is brimming with enthusiasm for it. While they are merely enthusiastic, I am in love with it. It's a real delight to be able to publish and I have only a few editorial suggestions to make in what is possibly the shortest editorial letter of my career.”¹⁹

We know now that Hill and HBJ made a good call. Doig's combination of poetic language and moving childhood memories set in a disappearing west propelled the book to the finalist level in the Contemporary Thought category of the National Book Awards (NBA) for 1979. Peter Matthiessen's *The Snow Leopard*, a book that is also rich with the contemplation of memory and loss, ultimately took the prize that year. Keeping such company is not bad for a first book but Doig was determined not to let it go to his head. His personal reconciliation with not winning is recorded in his diary on May 4, 1979: “... even with what little I'm doing in the way of speeches (1, so far) and travel (Missoula, Dallas-Boulder) I sense how easy it gets to become a reputation rather than a writer. Prospect would have been much more severe in that respect had I won the NBA; it may prove better for my work that I didn't.”²⁰

Perhaps he was right about that. We know from his subsequent 15 books and the mass of his writing held in the archive, that



Berneta (Ringer) Doig's autograph book, including inscription and photo by C.C.D.—Charles Campbell Doig, who would become her husband on May 29, 1934. According to Carol Doig, Ivan kept this autograph book near his desk. A similar book is kept by the main character in *Last Bus to Wisdom*, Doig's final book.²²

Ivan Doig's work did continue, doggedly at times, with a persistence to which his diary attests in entries composed just a few months before his death. His entry for February 2, 2015, the last in which he talks of his writing, records that, "despite the pain," he "persevered" on edits to the manuscript of his final book, *Last Bus to Wisdom*, so that it could be sent off to his editor in New York the next day.²¹ Ivan Doig died on April 9, 2015 after a long and valiant battle with multiple myeloma. *Last Bus to Wisdom* came out on August 18, 2015. He definitely remained a writer to the end.

Feb. 2--With luck, I may be liberated from this ungodly back pain & on Fri. the 6th, when I undergo a vertebroplasty to shoot cement into my lumbar fractures. It will be something like 15 weeks of this pain by then, not helped by the probable neuropathy in my right leg. Despite the pain, I persevered on Becky's editing of the ms and added my own, and it's packaged up to go to NY tomorrow. Also, largely thru Carol's work, we have Mark Wessel appraising our archive, preliminary to selling it to a library.

Ivan Doig's diary entry from February 2, 2015.

The Ghosts in the Attic

"Even my mother, the one voice unknown from any of these years, can be almost-heard in some noontime, talking as she would have with my father as their morning's harvest of grouse sizzles on the campfire of their Grass Mountain herding site." Ivan Doig, *This House of Sky*.²³

Drawn into the longing of imperfect memory in *This House of Sky*, the reader, like the author, strains to hear the voices and to see the faces of Ivan's childhood: father Charlie, mother Berneta, grandmother Bessie; Pete McCabe, the kindly bartender in White Sulphur Springs' Stockman Bar; Ruth, Charlie's ill-chosen second wife... Fortunately many of these longings can be satisfied in the archive because of Ivan's dogged research and MSU's preservation efforts. His oral history tapes, correspondence with neighbors and community members, and photos taken of Montana locations, some in decay but still standing in the late 1960s—all of these treasures, whether experienced online or in person, help the seeking reader experience this memoir more fully.

For all the rich content in the Ivan Doig Archive, of course, some things remain unattainable and all the more yearned for, like the sound of Berneta's voice. The few personal objects in the archive—"relics," Gioia would call them²⁵—remind us of voices silenced by time. Ivan's safe-keeping of Berneta's beautiful fountain pen is touching. It must have symbolized for her son the frustration of lost contact. Two manual typewriters, Ivan's favored writing tools, are kept on shelves in the archive, side by side with archival boxes, reminding the reader of the author's lost voice, the impossibility of a next book. As Stephen Enniss reminds us, "The one person we most want to find in the archive is, after



The following images are from Ivan's mother's (Berneta Doig) and grandmother's (Bessie Ringer) photo albums. Top right and bottom row images are of Berneta and Charlie Doig on Grass Mountain, 1934.²⁴

all, the one person we can be sure we will not find, but look we must for some transubstantiation of pen and paper that may yet fill that unfillable space."²⁶

With all this archival content available, readers can perhaps dream of a fully digital edition of *This House of Sky* in the future, one that allows us to hear Ivan's oral history interview with Bessie Ringer by just clicking a link, one that interleaves the narrative with photographs of Charlie Doig's craggy face,



Left: A hand writing with Berneta Doig's fountain pen.²⁷
Right: Berneta Doig's fountain pen.²⁸

Berneta's slender frame, or a shadowy shot of Pete Olson, the furtive grey cat. Reading that edition will be like walking in the front door of Ivan's childhood to really almost experience the Montana he knew and loved.

★ ★ ★

Notes

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Profile of Jodee Fenton: 2021 Winner BCW Emory Award

By: Jeff Long

Seattle's history is rich with outsiders assuming leadership positions, a curiosity best exemplified by the city's current mayor, Jenny Durkan, being the second of only two elected Seattle mayors native to the city. Jodee Fenton, this year's recipient of the BCW Emory Award, reinforces Seattle's willingness to



Jodee Fenton with Book Club of Washington President Gary Ackerman, after the presentation of the Book Club of Washington's 2021 Emory Award.

elevate newcomers to leadership positions. Her Seattle career in books is rich with achievement and merit.

The path that led Fenton to a life in books was nurtured by her home life, just outside of Trenton, NJ. Her childhood featured regular trips to the local library, and her pursuit of knowledge was encouraged by her mother, who filled the family home with books. The effect manifested itself in many ways: One tangible example was Fenton's precocious interest in the history of whaling, sparked by her mother's purchase of a modest American Heritage set on American history. That led to a family vacation touring historic New England whaling towns. Another wellspring of her bookish childhood? Steady pursuit of ongoing education.

Upon earning a BA in Philosophy and Literature from Wisconsin's Ripon College, Fenton was drawn to Chicago where her library career began with a job at the Newberry while studying for a master's in library science at the University of Chicago. With an MLS in hand, Fenton motored to Detroit for a stint in Technical Services, Wayne State, then to the Queen City for another part-time library position at Seattle University while this time earning a BFA at the UW. She studied art under Jacob Lawrence, Michael Spafford and Robert Jones, among others. Fenton then moved to Alaska, and although her residency was brief, a contact there became a significant catalyst in Fenton's contribution to Seattle's book culture.

Back in Seattle in 1989, Fenton was hired by the Seattle Public Library as a Substitute Librarian. Her SPL tenure was marked by swift ascendancy and substantial milestones. Advancement to Art Librarian was followed by Fine and Performing Arts Coordinator, and then Coordinator of the Move to the Temporary Central Library. Logistics of the demolition of the old Central Library and construction of the new Office of Metropolitan Architecture (Rem Koolhaas's firm, known as OMA)/LMN-designed library, 2003-04, required moving and temporarily housing the entire Central Library collection at the Washington State Convention Center and two off-site storage facilities. Documented as composed of 900,000 cataloged items, Fenton's speculation that the Central Library's holdings were greater than recorded was confirmed when 1.2 million titles were counted. Her dedication to the project required working a year-straight without a day off.

When the new Central Library opened in 2004, Fenton headed the Seattle History Collection even as she worked to consolidate resources within the library system by bringing all local history resources together for ease of access and efficient management. First to be assimilated into the Seattle History Collection was the Seattle Documents Collection, a vast municipal archive composed of published documents created by or for City of Seattle agencies, 1884-2017, including reports, studies, environmental impact statements, master plans, and audits, city charters, and capital improvement plans, ad infinitum. If opening the new library were not sufficiently burdensome, the initial digitization of the Seattle History Collection also began in 2004. The project has allowed access to thousands of images from the city's history.

While the Seattle Room had not been included in OMA's plan, Rem Koolhaas and team carved out a space for the collection and a small reading area on the tenth floor, where it resides today. According to Ann Ferguson, Curator of the Seattle Room, "Jodee had the vision for how material related to Seattle history should be evaluated, curated, collected and made available to the public." But dreams are cheap; their realization is borne of belief, tenacity and, often, deep resources.

Enter Hugh and Jane Ferguson (not related to Ann), with whom Fenton was first acquainted in Alaska. Seattle construction magnates who thrived in Alaska by constructing tilt-up prefab buildings shipped from Seattle, the Fergusons remained dedicated to their hometown. Hugh Ferguson, whose childhood was enriched with SPL experiences, became smitten with Fenton's Seattle Room concept. He and Jane followed through by dedicating the funds necessary for the Seattle Room to become an institution unto itself. Indeed, their largesse convinced Koolhaas that the Seattle Room, now known as the Hugh and Jane Ferguson Seattle Room, was not just viable, but needed.

Typical of Hugh and Jane's Ferguson's ongoing support of Fenton's zeal was a substantial five-figure check, casually dropped off by the Ferguson's assistant, for the Seattle Room's acquisition fund. Allegiance to Fenton engendered other gifts, financial and physical. Acquisitions during Fenton's tenure included the addition of a second set of the Edward Curtis North American Indian (the Bullitt family's set, donated by Harriett Bullitt), which allows for loans of the set to other institutions, as well as a digital scan of the set, being the first with deep, high-definition; the enhanced second edition of the Arrowsmith Map, the most thorough understanding of North America in its day, donated by SPL-supporter Douglass Raff; the inclusion of SPL's Aviation Collection, first formed by the Boeing Airplane Company and SPL in the 1930s as a stand-alone reference library; the inclusion of SPL's Genealogy Department, also a former stand-alone; and, the Zine Archive & Publishing Project (ZAPP Collection), 30,000-piece collection of DIY 'zines and other small press titles sparked by the mimeograph-photocopy revolution, which was formed by volunteers at Hugo House.

The acquisition of the Zapp Collection involved several years of negotiation with ZAPP volunteers, the Hugo House board of directors, and its accomplished then-director, Tree Swenson. Significantly, the transaction was driven by Fenton's fierce dedication to her adopted home, manifested in her desire to keep the collection in Seattle, her resolve to give younger, diverse generations a voice, and the fundamental drive to preserve an ephemeral aspect of underground culture.

Exhibits were also part of Fenton's work at the Library. "First Folio!" an exhibition from the Folger Shakespeare Library showcased one of that institution's copies of the Bard's First Folio, including a local privately-owned third edition of the Folio on special display. Other exhibits brought light to Seattle Jazz History, Frank Kunishige photographs, and the history of Century 21-Seattle World's Fair, all ways to open the collections to the public. "Beyond the Frame: Edward S. Curtis and the Native American Indian" was a yearlong celebration of the extraordinary Curtis images that allowed community

conversation with the region's Native Americans.

The stature required to negotiate those transactions was developed by Fenton's political guile. When the new Central Library was christened in 2004, Fenton had the help of a very small staff. In 2013, a substantial, overarching strategic plan was initiated by SPL management. Among the "Service Priorities" that were established, Fenton's active and vocal support garnered one of the five: "Seattle Culture and History." Thus empowered, Fenton reorganized SPL's Special Collections, and the Seattle Room specifically, to preserve and present Seattle history, even as it happens. For Fenton, having been steeped in Seattle history for most of her career, Seattle's recent street-level protests were nothing new. "Civil unrest, almost always justified, is nothing new for our community," she said. "Today we have available so much easily accessed documented history at SPL and our neighboring institutions that we may have a real chance to understand and thoughtfully build fairer and more honest solutions."

In 2019 Fenton retired from the Seattle Public Library as Managing Librarian-Special Collections. SPL Special Collections is now staffed by six librarians and one clerical staff. Fenton left the department poised with a defined focus, designed for ongoing success. The satisfaction of a career well-spent? Leaving her department historically more robust than ever.

As with any dedicated librarian, Fenton's "retirement" is occupied with her enthusiasm for books. She has served as President of the Book Club of Washington, as a BCW board member (for over 10 years), and she remains an active member of the Guild of Book Workers, where she chairs the organization's Northwest Chapter. She continues her formal study of books, but chiefly in the pursuit of her second career as a book artist at her studio, the Aubergine Atelier. Fenton's artistic passion is a natural, three-part combination of experience: Her formal study of fine art, her study of literature and philosophy, and her study of, and immersion in, rare books. Course study in bookbinding at the American Academy of Bookbinding, as well as personal study with Don Glaister, that institution's Director of Fine Binding, have informed her creation of, at last count, over 20 fine bindings.

As the 2021 recipient of the Book Club of Washington Emory Award, Jodee Fenton's contributions to the culture of the book continue to be written.

★★★

Jeffrey Long is a long-time member of the BCW, a former board member, and served as editor of the Club's *Journal*. A Seattle bookseller, he expects to open a storefront in the coming months.

Book Review: *The Bookseller of Florence, A Story of the Manuscripts That Illuminated the Renaissance*, by Ross King

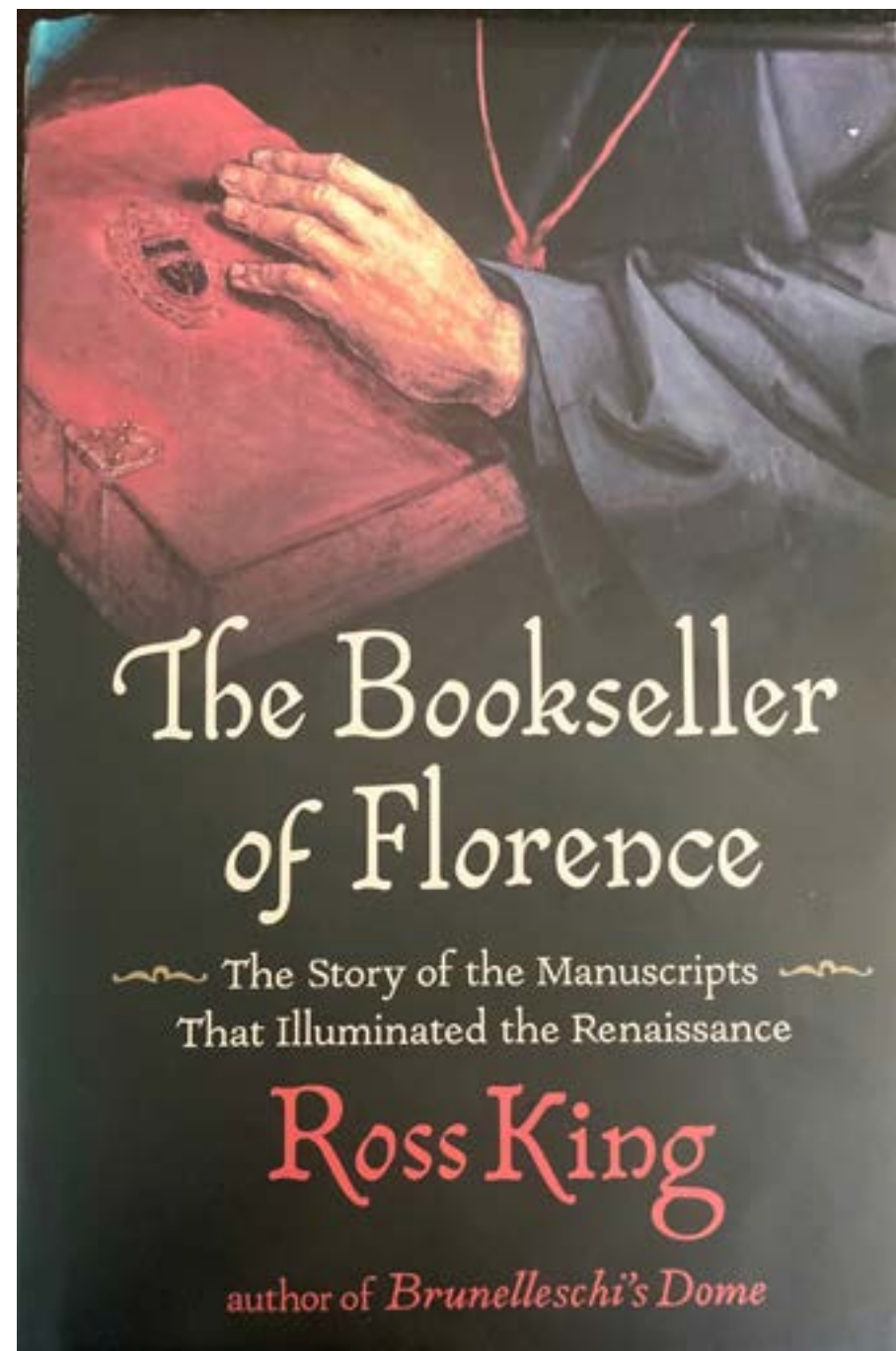
By: Gary Ackerman

Most of us do not collect illuminated medieval manuscripts, but that should not stop you from reading *The Bookseller of Florence, A Story of the Manuscripts That Illuminated the Renaissance* by Ross King (New York: Grove Atlantic, 2021). King is the author of many highly regarded books on the Renaissance, such as *Brunelleschi's Dome*, *Michelangelo and the Pope's Ceiling*, *Leonardo and the Last Supper*, and *Machiavelli: Philosopher of Power*. He uses his deep knowledge of the Italian Renaissance and remarkable talents as a writer to tell the story of 15th century Florence through the life of Vespasiano de Bisticci, the “king of the booksellers” on the Florentine Street of Booksellers (Via dei Librai).

While never losing focus on the production and selling of manuscripts and the advent of printing, many aspects of the Renaissance in Florence are covered in interesting detail. I will list a few of these below, but first a bit about the star of this story.

Vespasiano was chiefly a book merchant, or cartolaio, and had a share in the formation of many great libraries of his time. Born to a working-class family in a small town near Florence in 1422, Vespasiano left school at age 11 and moved to Florence where began working as an apprentice bookbinder with a leading bookseller and then established his own bookselling business (manuscripts exclusively) in the decades before and after the invention of the printing press. Vespasiano was able to develop his business by the strength of his personality and innate curiosity. Although not classically educated, he was able to cultivate many wealthy clients. Vespasiano died in 1498, having lived long enough to see the production and sale of manuscripts eclipsed by printing.

As we know, the Renaissance ushered in a rediscovery of the wisdom of ancient, classical Greeks and Romans. This was achieved, in large part, by finding and copying works from that period. The original works were on papyrus scrolls, few of which had survived. They were known primarily by copies made by scribes in monasteries in Ireland, England and Northern Europe. We learn how the codex, book form with bound pages, replaced the scroll. Its more convenient form was favored by the early Christians as they sought to spread their religion. Although not cited by King, this history was first brought to my attention by Thomas Cahill in *How the Irish Saved Civilization: The Untold Story of Ireland's Heroic Role from the Fall of Rome to the Rise of Medieval*



Europe (New York: Nan A. Talese, Doubleday, 1995).

Fifteenth-century Florence was a wealthy and highly literate (70% literacy rate) republic with a relatively large percentage of the male population able to participate in governing the city. King argues that this made persuasive public speaking an important skill, leading to searches for texts on rhetoric and philosophy from ancient Greece and Rome. Florence became a center for scholarship and debate on the relative virtues of Plato and Aristotle, reconciling pagan teachings with Christianity. The Street of Booksellers became a center for these discussions among the well-educated elites of Florence. King describes how Florence became a center for the production of manuscripts copied from ancient texts. In order to meet the demand for these works, booksellers in Florence and their patrons sent scouts to comb the libraries in monasteries and churches throughout Europe for the ancient texts, or rather copies of ancient texts. They were brought to Florence (or in some cases copied on site), to be studied by scholars to determine the most accurate text of a particular work, called an exemplar, from which new manuscripts were made. We learn about the movement from scrolls to books with parchment or paper.

Booksellers in Florence, such as Vespasiano, handled all aspects of producing new manuscripts based on these exemplars. The method of production—creating of leaves of parchment, hiring scribes and illuminators, making ink, cutting quills, binding books, and so on—are well-described in *The Bookseller*. Covered in even more detail is the sale of manuscripts on commission to wealthy Florentines and Romans seeking to establish fine libraries. Vespasiano's many clients included Cosimo and Lorenzo da Medici and a number of dukes, cardinals and popes.

Vespasiano's books were noted for their accuracy and high quality. He had the best scribes and illuminators working for him. He was able to find and turn around important works rather quickly, considering that they were done by hand. Great libraries were developed by patrons who sought to keep them together for scholars after their death. The creation of the Vatican library started in this period. It contains many books made and sold by Vespasiano.

Florence led the development of a beautiful and more legible script than the dark, dense Gothic letters then in common use in Germany and elsewhere. Ironically, Gothic was called "modern" and the new script called "ancient" since the latter was based Roman lettering. Gothic tended to be used for bibles and ancient for more pagan works.

Vespasiano particularly and his patrons were driven by the idea that the spread of knowledge based on classical teaching would bring about a more civilized society. Although this rather utopian view was not achieved during his lifetime, reflecting back toward the end of his life Vespasiano called the mid-fifteenth century the "Golden Age for Florence."

The impact of the invention of the printing press in Germany and its spread into Italy is addressed in detail in *The Bookseller*. We learn that Venice became the center of printing, with some printers favoring typefaces based on the "ancient" rather than Gothic script, resulting in many beautifully printed books

during the incunabula (the period between the invention of the printing press and 1501).

Although Italy became the center of printing in Europe, the printing of incunabula came slowly to Florence, probably because of Vespasiano's ability to satisfy the continued demand for manuscripts by Florentine clients of the bookseller. Even though printing greatly expanded the production of books and their availability to the public as a lower cost and more readily available alternative, wealthy Florentines perceived beautiful manuscripts as more desirable than printed books for some time. In fact, more manuscripts were produced during the fifteenth century than ever before, reflecting the expansion of literacy and hunger for knowledge in Italy and the rest of Europe. Vespasiano never becomes a seller of printed books. Instead, he retires from the production and sale of manuscripts around 1480 and devotes much of his remaining time to writing biographies of the leading figures of his age, all of whom he knew personally. His collection of 300 biographies were unknown until found by Cardinal Angelo Mai, who first published them in 1839. A reading of them in 1847 led Jacob Burckhardt to write *Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy* (1860). Burckhardt considered the period important from the perspective of its cultural institutions as well as its art and architecture. This is the same perspective King takes in *The Bookseller*. Vespasiano's biographies have been reprinted as *The Vespasiano Memoirs: Lives of Illustrious Men of the XV Century* (Renaissance Society of America Reprint Texts, 1997).

The Bookseller covers much more than the production and sale of classical manuscripts and printing, such as Florentine politics, the rise and decline of the Medicis and Florence, the increasing warfare among Roman cities, the conquest of Greece and fall of Constantinople to the Turks in 1453 (and resultant migration of Greek scholars and works to Italy), and the founding of the first printing presses in Florence.

The story of the press at San Jacopo di Ripoli, a convent located on the outskirts of Florence, is an interesting tale. We learn that convents, including this one, were comprised mostly of women sent by wealthy families as a less expensive alternative to paying a dowry for marriage. In addition to financial support from the families, convents were run as business enterprises. San Jacopo di Ripoli was quite prosperous in the mid 1400's, owning many properties and running several businesses. Beginning in 1474 its affairs were run by Fra Domenico, a Dominican monk and former scribe who, like many scribes, turned to the printing of books. Fra Domenico decided that the convent needed to add a printing press operation to its business activities. The Ripoli Press expanded from printing pamphlets (songs were a good seller) to more and more ambitious projects, culminating in the 1484 printing of 1,025 copies of Marsilio Ficino's translation to Latin from the original Greek of Plato's *Opera* (or *Works*). Although it was the last book printed by Ripoli Press, this edition is found in the rare book rooms of many libraries around the world and was used as the basis for translations into other languages.

The publication of Plato's *Works* in Florence provides a bookend of the efforts of Vespasiano and others to find and publish works from ancient Greece and

Rome to the more humanistic world of The Renaissance. Ross King has done a great service to booklovers by bringing Vespasiano, the remarkable Bookseller of Florence, to life for us to enjoy.

★★★

Gary Ackerman collects books modestly on a variety of subjects from his home on Queen Anne in Seattle. Gary was introduced to the Book Club of Washington by his friend Carolyn Staley over 30 years ago and is serving as its President. Gary has been on the boards of Friends of the University of Washington Libraries and Folio—The Seattle Atheneum, sings with the Seattle SeaChordsmen Barbershop Chorus, reads at home, and plays golf at Aldarra Golf Club, where he recently shot his age.



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